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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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AN EMPIRE FOR THE LONELY ISLAND

THE ROMANTIC STORY OF A SMALL PLANT

What Great Events From Little Causes Spring

MANY a Polar hero has eaten his boots and lived, but it has been given to few mountaineers to owe their life and safety to boots used for drinking.

That has been the strange lot of Mr Spencer Chapman, who, first of white men to do so, has this year reached the summit of the great Himalayan mountain Chomulhari, which stands just within Tibet.

Returning from his victorious climb from the height of 24,000 feet, he and his native companion lost all their equipment during a fall, and their lives depended on an occasional mouthful of roasted barley meal which they carried, and water from the snow melting on the boots of Mr Chapman, who, in an article in *The Times*, reminds us that snow melts more quickly on black than on any other colour.

An Explorer's Discovery

It seems a little thing, and curious, this melting of snow on a dark surface, but the consequences have been of enormous importance to mankind. It means that were one of the humblest of weeds (an alga called the ancydonema) to spread to the North and South Poles, the continents might gradually be inundated for the greater part of their area, for the plant would melt the ice in which Nature locks up water enough to drown vast land areas.

It was the intrepid Finnish explorer Adolf Nordenskiöld who discovered the ancydonema and realised the extraordinary part it had played in driving back the ice in his own country. Whereas snow and ice quickly reflect away the light and heat of the sun, this tiny weed forms dark-hued masses which absorb and retain that warmth, and, releasing it slowly, thaw pits in the ice and snow, causing a flow of warm water which, spreading in ever-widening circles, helps to convert its frozen surroundings into fluid. More and more the alga extends its colonies, more and more the ice melts, until in the course of thousands of years a country's climate is changed and the underlying land is exposed to the direct influence of the sun.

How Finland Began

It was this plant, wrote its discoverer, that played such a part in his own country of Finland, and it is possible that we have to thank it for the fact that the deserts of ice formerly covering Northern Europe and America have now given place to shady woods and undulating cornfields.

Perhaps there is no stranger story in Nature than this, unless it be that of the death of an iceberg, which, pouring down fresh water from its sun-warmed summit as it drifts to milder latitudes, provides round about itself from its own substance a warm bath which does not sink below the surface of the denser sea water, and so slowly dissolves the parent from which it issued. But for this provision of self-destruction the icebergs, which are impervious to all the attacks science can make on them, would eventually turn our seas to solid ice and freeze the lands they wash.

It is the little things in Nature that count for most in the life-story of the earth. The algae have many forms and functions. Some are so numerous as to change the colour of an entire lake, yet the individuals are so minute that 300 of them will rest on the head of a pin. Others form huge seaweeds which act as buffers to protect coasts from the violence of tide and tempest.

Other species of algae, turned to fossils, were so unthinkably numerous that they formed ranges of mountains; but the greatest of them all in achievement is the modest ancydonema which, under a more beneficent sun, redeemed Europe from its last Ice Age and, baring the fruitful earth, prepared at last a home for man.

What the Early Riser Sees



A Westminster reflection at five o'clock in the morning

THE GREAT DRIVE THROUGH THE LUMBWA COUNTRY

KENYA settlers have a system whereby natives settle on European owned farms, giving a certain number of months of work in return for wages and the right to grow crops and graze a reasonable number of cattle.

The cattle are the snag. The lure of free grass is irresistible to a pastoral people, and uncles and cousins arrive one by one with their herds, until in many cases the farm becomes very much overstocked with squatter cattle. Occasionally, therefore, a great round-up is held, and all unauthorised squatters, with their families and herds, are returned to their reserve.

A Kenya settler living in the Lumbwa country gives us a description of one of these big treks, when hundreds of Masai with thousands of cattle were returned to their own reserve.

The Masai who were to be sent back to their reserve had to pass through the country of another pastoral and warlike tribe, their hereditary enemy the

Lumbwa, and for days before the arrival of the Great Drive there was much excitement among the Lumbwa men. On the dawn of the great day blanket-clad figures went slipping past the shamba on their way to the road. All carried spears, and by six o'clock every hill or mound near the road had its cluster of dark vulture-like figures, spears stuck in the ground beside them.

By seven the head of the Great Drive began to pass. First came a native policeman, weary-looking but smart, with loaded rifle held ready; then a small mob of foot-weary cattle, headed by an old man armed to the teeth with spear, shield, and short sword. Behind the cattle came a group of young men; they, too, were well armed.

Then some donkeys trotted by, the family goods strapped to their sides with two wickerwork shields. On top of some of the loads sat solemn-eyed children, a few women walking beside them, leather-clad and heavy with many pounds of

copper and brass wire on their arms, legs, and neck.

Time after time this was repeated, group after group passing in a swirling cloud of dust and flies, while taunts and insults were bandied from the marching Masai to the ever-watchful Lumbwa—and from them back with interest!

The sun glinted on hundreds of spears, and one young English policeman and a very small band of native police were all that prevented the spears from flashing in fierce tribal fight. But the tiny force was enough; the drive went through without incident, though the white officer admitted that he felt that he had gone grey and would never get the smell of cows out of his system.

In a little while only a receding cloud of dust and a churned-up road marked the passage of the great host. The young Lumbwa men strolled home, boasting loudly of the fight they would have had and the things they would have done but for the Englishman.

THE TROUBLE IN CHINA

Is Japan Seeking Another Manchuria?

Fighting in which hundreds of lives have been lost has taken place in North China.

Peking, the former capital, and its neighbour Wanping, the important railway junction on the west, and Tientsin, the great port on the north-east, have been involved in a serious conflict between Japanese and Chinese regular armies.

One of the most terrible and dramatic episodes was an air raid and a bombardment of the Chinese quarter of Tientsin, in which hundreds of civilians were killed. This port is about half as big as Liverpool; indeed, with its population of about 1,400,000 it exceeds every city in these islands except London. Within it are definite areas which belong to Japan, France, Italy, and this country, having contingents of their armed forces to protect them. A battle in Tientsin, therefore, might involve more than local strife between China and Japan.

Armies on the Move

In recent months Japan appears to have added to the forces she is entitled by treaties to keep in this region, much to the resentment of the Chinese.

While declaring that she has no desire for war with China, Japan has sent large forces to the support of those already in China, with the result that the armies of the Chinese National Government have retired to about 60 miles south of the railway between Peking and Tientsin.

China's military position is much stronger than it was a few years ago, for the armies of the Communist South are aligning themselves with the National forces under President Chiang-Kai-shek, instead of opposing him; they are indeed more anti-Japanese than the regular forces of China.

It is generally believed in China that the Japanese want to dominate the prosperous province of Chihli, of which Peking is the capital, and to build a new railway across it into Shansi, a province with rich coal and iron mines. Economic concessions by China are to be the price of peace, but there is good reason to believe that China will appeal to the League against this high-handed policy.

First White Men For 100 Years

A part of Canada which no white man has visited for 103 years is shortly to be opened up.

The patrol ship of the Arctic, Nascopie, which is now on her yearly cruise through 10,000 miles of northern seas, will land some men on a desolate spot on Ballot Strait, between the mainland of the Dominion and North Somerset Island.

A trading post will be established here, to be known as Fort Hearne. Among the places to be visited is Craig Harbour, on Ellesmere Island, the Empire's most northerly post office.

A Franco-German Peace

Nothing is impossible that the mind of man can imagine.

Even France and Germany can make peace if the politicians will leave them alone.

There has just been signed a Franco-German agreement between Air-France and the Luft-Hansa, providing for the cooperation of the two countries in air services to South America and the Far East and over the North Atlantic. The agreement provides for cooperation in technical matters to set up a regular Atlantic air service.

A YOUNG KING ON AN OLD THRONE

OLD Egypt has crowned its young King; Farouk sits on the throne of the Pharaohs and is now crowned ruler over an age-long civilisation.

He rules a country which our own time has seen freed after many centuries from foreign influence. With the signing of the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty not long ago Egypt regained her national sovereignty.

King Farouk is the descendant of the Albanian soldier of fortune Mohamed Ali Pasha, who proved such a thorn in the side of Lord Palmerston, our British Foreign Secretary, in the early 19th century. He is 17. He can speak French and English fluently. He has travelled much and is familiar with English ways and Englishmen. He was continuing his education in England when he was recalled to his country at the death of his father, King Fuad.

A king of Egypt must have many qualities, not the least of which are shrewdness and determination, for the world of Egyptian politics is deep and complicated. Farouk has as his Prime Minister Nahas Pasha, leader of the Wafdist Party, who won such a triumph with the treaty.

But Egypt is unlike Great Britain; Parliamentary government is not a hardy growth there, and it would not be surprising if sooner or later King Farouk became the real ruler of the country, as did his father.

His is certainly a fine inheritance. Egypt is a beautiful and romantic country, and there has been a rediscovery and real pride in the art and culture of this ancient land. To Egyptians Cairo is the intellectual and cultural centre of the Arabic-speaking world.

The Egyptians are fervid nationalists too, and have resisted all attempts to break down their national spirit. The Roman Empire gave them up in despair, and Christianity failed. Now that they have gained their freedom from the British control they should be able to rebuild for their country something of its ancient glory and give it a high position in the modern world.

King Farouk has four beautiful palaces. At Alexandria, along the shores of the Mediterranean, lies the Palace of Ras-el-Tin; at Aboukir, scene of a famous naval battle, stands the Palace of Monthara, and there are the Palaces of Abdin and Koubbeh.

But King Farouk will have need of other things if he is to rule Egypt wisely. He will need to know his own mind and to have great determination. In the opinion of his closest friends and advisers he knows the one and has the other. It is early to prophesy, but everything points to the conclusion that his will be a happy and progressive reign. Certainly all C N readers will sincerely wish it to be so.

A Good Deed in the Flying World

A Manchester correspondent sends us this strange story of a sparrow and a tit.

SPARROWS are not very popular little birds. They turn other birds from their nests and use the nests for their own. They do great damage and are generally wilful. But one sparrow at least has redeemed its character.

This year a pair of tits built their nest in a nesting-box on the wall of a house, and in due course the little ones were born. For a while the father bird had to work hard keeping the mother and babies supplied with food, and soon she vanished, so that his work became harder still as day by day the babies grew and needed more food.

We began to see the little heads peeping through the hole in the box, and to hear their constant cry for more and more food. One morning we saw the marks of a cat's paws below the nest, and when at last the babies flew there were only two of them. One was fine and healthy and made its way on to a rose fence, but his little brother was weak and could only cling to the stems of plants. Fearing that the cat would get him, we put him back in the nest,

but the father took no notice of him and concentrated all his efforts on the stronger brother. The cheeping of the little one became weaker and weaker, and we felt that he must surely die, but out he came, fluttering down to earth. We tried to feed him, but he would take nothing from us, so we put him on the rose fence where his brother had been.

Later we saw him sitting on the lawn next door, fluttering his wings as if asking to be fed. To our amazement down came a sparrow and fed him, and together they wandered to other gardens, the sparrow feeding the tit all the time. Other sparrows came and attacked it, but the benevolent sparrow drove them off and protected its little charge.

The next day, to our great joy, we saw the tit with its brother, the father coming along with a beak full of grubs, but, strangely enough, all was given to the big brother. The sparrow continued its good work, and while the father fed the big brother the sparrow fed the weakly one. He grew in strength, and in a few days we saw him flitting happily about with his somewhat dishevelled father and his healthy brother.

The Pathway in the Lonely Hills

THE track for cyclists and walkers which has been handed over to the Staffordshire County Council by the L M S is becoming very popular.

This firm limestone path replaces a narrow-gauge railway which ran for eight miles through the Manifold Valley, which comes second in beauty only to the valley of the Dove, into which the River Manifold flows.

This railway ran from the main-line station of Waterhouses to Hulme End, and was built by a local company to serve the farmers, possibly the Ecton copper mines if they should be found to be worked again with profit, and eventually to be carried north to Buxton.

This line did not pay, though a ride on it was one of the most delightful experiences to any lover of scenery, for it winds its way past country which now belongs to the National Trust and through the region which, it is hoped, will form (with Dovedale) England's first National Park.

No trains have passed over this little line for three years, the rails and sleepers have been taken away, and the track has been levelled to form one of the surest and driest footpaths in the land. No cars will be allowed along it; it is to run for ever through the silence that is in the lonely hills. May there be more and more lovers of England to tread it!

LITTLE NEWS REEL

More sunflowers are to be grown in Germany now that it is estimated that from half a ton of seed over seven tons of edible oil and 30 tons of oil-cakes for fodder may be produced.

The G W R has named a new engine Earl Baldwin, and twenty of the latest Castle class engines have been renamed after earls.

Australian artists have applied to the British Government for a Charter for a Royal Australian Academy of Art.

Thirty Bradford boys have been sent on a holiday tour of Canada by Mr W. H. Rhodes, a Bradford business man.

Messrs Dorman, Long, and Co., Middlesbrough, have just completed a bridge two miles long connecting the Danish islands of Masnedo and Falster.

A fourteen-year-old Boy Scout of Geneva, Rols Glatt, has climbed the Matterhorn. He is believed to be the youngest boy to conquer this peak, which is 14,782 feet high.

We gather from the Annual Report of the A A that its valuable service of supplying routes to its members has grown so much that the applications for routes now pour in at about ten thousand a week, and the length of routes dealt with is the surprising total of over 200 million miles.

Humbugs

Although the name Daniel O'Leary sounds Irish, the story told of him comes from Yorkshire, for it is said that he was a porter at Saltaire station last century, and made a little extra money by selling the sweets called humbugs.

At the Saltaire Exhibition opened in 1887 by Princess Beatrice he was given permission to present Her Highness with a small silver casket of these Yorkshire humbugs, the work of his wife's clever fingers; but when the great occasion came O'Leary astonished the princess and everyone else by producing two caskets. Handing them over he said (heartily if rather inelegantly), "Noo, here's one for thee and one for thi muther."

We do not know if the second casket of humbugs ever reached Queen Victoria.

THINGS SEEN

This notice in a shop window in Manchester: *A new threepenny piece given in change.*

A pigeon struggling in the greasy mud of the River Thames at Blackfriars.

A cricket match in Yorkshire held up while the players chased a weasel which ran across the ground.

THINGS SAID

My noble people, I am proud of you, and I trust in Almighty God for the success of our future. Long live my country. King Farouk

Let us all think what, in the last resort, we should be prepared to fight and die for. Mr Wickham Steed

Day by day Britain's rearmament programme is strengthening the cause of Peace in the world. Sir Samuel Hoare

There are fools who drive under the influence of drink, and before evening may be killed or maimed.

Bishop of Winchester

You may talk about the uniformisation of Germany, but if I were Dictator of Britain there would be very little to put you into uniform for.

A German journalist

Now that the Minister of Transport has finished flying over the country will he try walking on some of our pathless roads? A C N correspondent

Men Who Fiddled For Rain

The election of Mr David Rubinoff the American fiddler, as Mayor of Fiddletown, California, is a new answer to Shakespeare's question, What's in a name?

For Fiddletown derives its title, which is 88 years old, from the fact that the colonists who first settled there were wont to play their fiddles in the belief that by doing so they could induce rain to fall on their thirsty land.

Here, then, is commemorated one of the follies that make the whole world kin. In all lands where crops need moisture, and in all ages down to ours, men have sought to cozen or compel the skies into yielding rain. The devices vary from play-acting by hopeful savages to the methods of modern scientists bombarding the clouds with guns, or, as in the Hatfield experiments in Canada (which this summer has been the victim of drought), scattering chemicals from the air.

Australian natives, who, like the white farmers, are sadly in need of rain, don fantastic costumes and imitate the sounds and fancied movements of storms in the hope that Nature will better the performance by producing the real thing. Some even make foamy liquid mixtures as a hint to the clouds to drop their moisture.

Trying to Encourage Nature

In three continents natives seek rain by whirling round and round their bull-roarers, strips of wood attached to thongs which when swung make a noise like a tempest surging through a forest.

British poultry-keepers when their hens seem negligent or indifferent to duty put a china egg in the nest by way of suggestion and encouragement; primitive peoples try to encourage Nature by ingenious means to the same end. The Hopi Indians dance a whirlwind dance; peoples of Northern India dip and sprinkle their elders; the Burmese, shrinking from human sacrifice, sought to cheat the rain gods by making figures of men and women and throwing them, with the pagodas in which they were placed, into the rivers, an invitation to the unseen forces to deluge the land in imitation.

We may smile at these superstitions, but let us not forget that when the Duke of Wellington was fighting Napoleon the people of France still wooed the rain by carrying images of saints through the streets, and gravely immersing them in water as a hint to Nature of what was expected of her.

Robert Ainsworth

London has been renaming some of its thousands of streets in order to avoid duplication, and now Hackney has an Ainsworth Street.

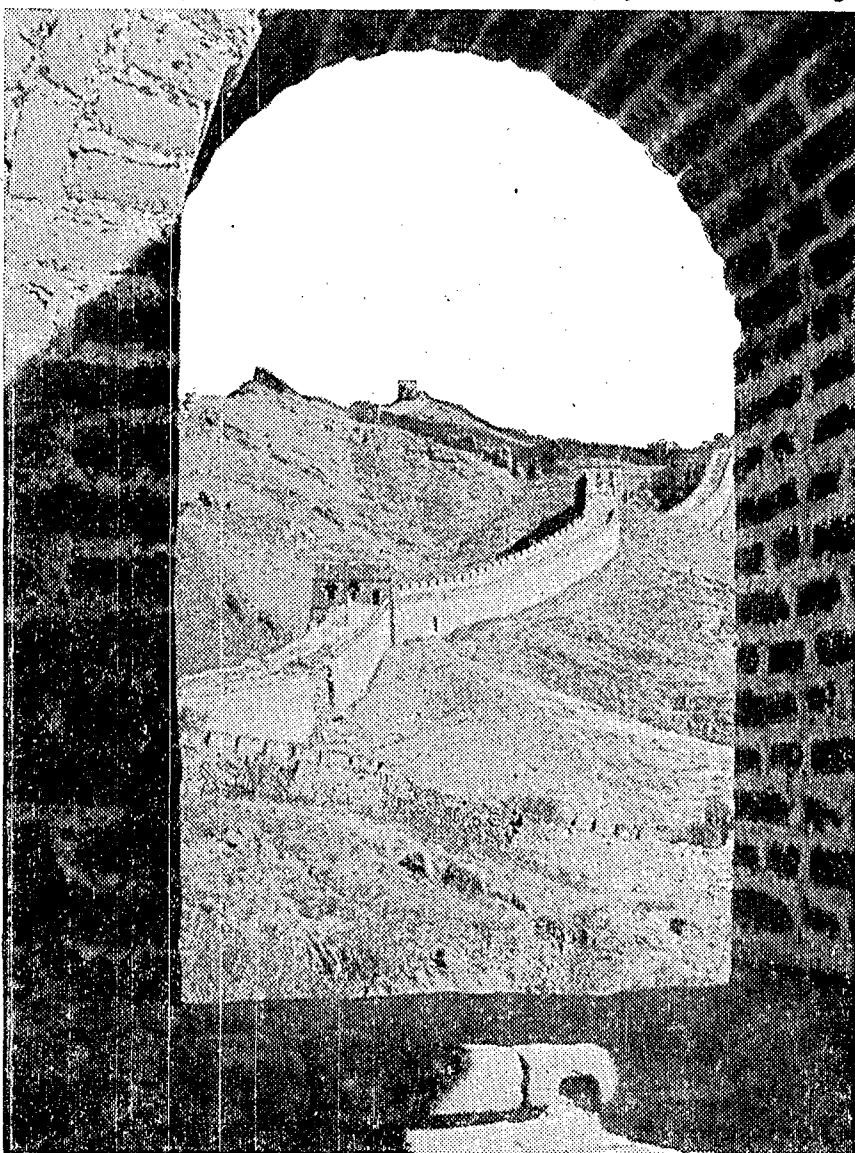
The street is not named, as we might think, in memory of William Harrison Ainsworth the novelist, but as a tribute to a little-known Robert Ainsworth, the dictionary man.

Like the more famous Ainsworth, Robert was born in Lancashire, and came to London, where he made something of a stir by a tract on educational reform. After living at Bethnal Green he set up a school at Hackney, where he seems to have done so well that he was able to retire on a comfortable income. Elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, he devoted his later years to gathering valuable curiosities. He had a fine collection of old coins, though one of his housemaids ran off with the best of them. He compiled a Latin dictionary of considerable merit, working under great difficulties as his eyesight was rapidly failing. He died at 83 in 1743, and was buried at Poplar.

In Troubled China



A beautiful marble pillar at the entrance to the old Forbidden City in the heart of Peking



A peep at the Great Wall which formerly marked the boundary of China

The Little Book That Saved Robert Burns

*Who saw base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee.*

So wrote Robert Burns, yet there was a day when he was ready to be a slave. Happily, he was able to turn and flee in good time, thanks to a sudden change in his fortunes, of which we are reminded in the news this week.

London and New York have been competing for a book by Robert Burns, and London won, paying £780 for a copy of the first edition of his poems, published at Kilmarnock in 1786.

A thousand pounds has been paid for a copy of the same edition before now, yet the latest price is high, for many copies of the work exist. One of the greatest romances of literature is woven about the volume.

At 27 years old Burns, a failure as ploughman and petty farmer, known among his intimates as a handsome fellow who could write a good letter and turn a neat poem, was in the depth of distress, his livelihood gone, his hopes of success in Scotland shattered. Friends secured for him a small post on a plantation in Jamaica, and he made ready to sail.

In Fear of Arrest

But he was in debt; law officers were out seeking to arrest him. He had no money for his passage, and was ready to bind himself to slavery for a given number of years in return for the fare across the Atlantic.

As a last resource, acting on the suggestion of friends, he begged certain people to subscribe to a small edition of his poems, and, the answers being favourable, he induced a Kilmarnock printer to undertake the work. While the book was at press he composed poems, now immortal, in order to swell the number to fill out the little volume.

He still hurried on the preparations for his departure, for the best he hoped was that his poems might bring him enough to pay for his voyage as a free man. His last farewells were said; his few possessions were in a box on the way to his ship at Greenock, while, as he has told us, he skulked from place to place in hiding so that the law officers should not lay hands on him.

An Immediate Success

The poems appeared and were an instant success, and the effect on the fortunes of Burns was revolutionary. Not only did he derive far greater sums of money than he had dreamed of earning, but the praise he received on all hands induced him to stay in Scotland and win new renown by writing poems for the land of his birth.

A post in the Excise was obtained for him; his box was recalled from the ship; he turned his back on the Atlantic, and, with another ten years to live, entered on that productive career in poetry which was to crown his fame.

It was this Kilmarnock edition that made him known; it saved him from a plantation run by Negro slaves.

Travelling About This Country

It has been claimed that in their visits to ten thousand villages for the King's England books the Editor's visitors have covered a total distance of about half a million miles.

It is a grand journey, but it appears a little one compared with the annual journey of those familiar figures on the roads, the AA Scouts. Some of them parade the roads by day and night, and we are informed that the total distance they cover in the course of a year is nearly forty million miles.

FED FROM ABROAD

Our Food and Where It Comes From

THE EGGS WE EAT

We continue to be the biggest buyers of imported dairy produce in the world.

The Imperial Economic Committee reports that last year Great Britain bought four-fifths of the butter sent out by exporting nations. Also we took almost all the bacon offered, more than half the cheese, and more than half the eggs.

Our imports of butter last year reached the record figure of 9,750,000 cwt, which cost £44,400,000. The home supply was only 950,000 cwt, so that we eat ten pounds of butter from overseas for every pound we produce ourselves.

Imperial supplies form a large and increasing share of our imports of dairy, pig, and poultry products. The Empire enjoys a virtual monopoly in fresh milk, fresh pork, and live pig imports, supplies the bulk of the cheese, milk powder, and chilled and frozen pork, and more than half the butter and cream.

Less Cheese Eaten

Cheese imports continue to decline. At 2,676,000 cwt they were the lowest since 1922. Home output, too, dropped, and consumption was lower accordingly.

Imports of eggs amounted to 246,500,000 dozens, 25 per cent more than in 1935 and the largest since 1931. The estimated consumption was 159 eggs per head. We eat about half an egg every day for every man, woman, and child in the country!

Finally, we are again reminded how largely our island home is fed from abroad.

POINTS ON FITNESS

By an Expert

We shall all do well to remember that an athlete is not necessarily a healthy man.

From an address on Physical Fitness for Working Boys, by Dr A. Abrahams, medical officer to the British team in the Olympic Games last year, we take these points:

A man may be fit to climb the Matterhorn, yet unfit to endure the anxieties and responsibilities of a city life.

Short-sighted enthusiasts suppose that by providing a few gymnasia, playing-fields, or swimming-baths they are disposing of the whole of the problem of fitness. In many instances rest, not exercise, is required.

The best exercise in the interest of fitness is the exercise which is most enjoyed.

I would rather take boys clad in shorts and singlets for a run through City streets in the rain than put them through a course of stereotyped exercises.

Games should be played primarily for enjoyment rather than for results, and still less for the entertainment of spectators.

The growing boy needs far more food than the man. He does not require tobacco.

Competition Result

In C.N. Competition Number 31 the nearest correct solutions were sent in by Pauline Gibbons, La Maisonette, Brock Road, Guernsey; and Ella B. Reid, Lorne Cottage, 17 Fraser Road, Aberdeen. A prize of ten shillings has been awarded to each of these readers.

The ten prizes of Coronet box cameras have been awarded to the following, whose attempts were next best in order of merit. Allowance was made for age in judging.

Nesta Cant, Caterham-on-the-Hill; G. M. Holkham, Finchley; Barbara Howie, Falkirk; Margaret A. Hume, Prestwick; Pamela Hulme, Burslem; Charlotte Jones, Harpenden; Kathleen Pearson, Bristol; Audrey Surridge, Blackheath; Jacqueline M. Tempest, Bradford; Christine Welch, Burnley.

Down the Road You Live In

One of our readers has had the interesting idea of going to his gate and writing these notes on the road he lives in. Perhaps it is also down the road you live in?

It is said that if you wait long enough at Piccadilly Circus the whole world will pass before you.

That may be true, but we need not go so far to meet a representative slice of England. Walk out on your road, your street, and you will find men and women of divers occupations and professions, sad people and gay people, rich and poor.

Burnage Hall Road, in spite of its ostentatious name, is an ordinary suburban road. It is in no way important, and is far from being the hub of the universe. It is little more than a quarter of a mile long. Yet on this small stretch, in a very few minutes, there passed a plumber and his young assistant, a retired business man with his dog behind him, a baker's boy, numerous butcher's boys, grocery boys, green-grocery boys, milk boys, a washerwoman, a roadsweeper, a gas inspector, a policeman, a builder's apprentice, a very old lady and a baby in arms, an extraordinarily fat woman and a woman as thin as a rake, and numerous workmen under the eagle eye of a very important-looking official with a gold watch-chain and pince-nez.

This all reminds me of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, and the happy pilgrims wending their way to Canterbury; but in this modern cavalcade there are no knights, no squires, no haberdashers, scribes, or tapicers, no miller or monk or friar. To modern eyes ours is a less romantic crew, and we seldom now

make a pilgrimage to Canterbury. Those were more spacious days than these, and the wind swept over forests and hamlets and dales, not over cities and factories and smoking chimneys.

What would Chaucer and his pilgrims think of our England? They would be mightily surprised and not a little afraid. Their mode of transport was on horseback. During those few minutes on this suburban road I saw bicycles, motor-cycles, tricycles, motor-cars of different shapes and sizes, even a steam-roller; if I had looked skywards I might have seen an aeroplane.

Times have changed, and people too. Would this procession passing along this road (the roadsweeper, the gas inspector, the builder's apprentice) feel any kinship with the pilgrims along the road to Canterbury? Would the business man find an intimate companion in the knight or the washerwoman find the miller a man after her own heart? We do not know and cannot say, for the pilgrims have gone to dust and their personalities are in oblivion. But is it altogether fanciful to presume that a ghostly procession wends its way along this short stretch of road with a naked savage at its head and in the rear Mr X, whom we not long since knew? Yes, but it is not so fanciful as you may think. The naked savage who is now part of the dust of the road bequeathed part of his personality to his successor, and all who have succeeded him have inherited it. So there it is, the long procession moving with silent tread. And perhaps one night we may peep out of the window, and shut our eyes, and see them as they pass.

Why We Have No Whale

A DISAPPOINTMENT awaits many visitors to London from overseas.

Rewarded by visits to our galleries and museums, they see many wonderful things for the first time. They see masterpieces of painting and sculptures by men who have been but glorious names and legends to them; the work of men who never knew the use of metals; examples of arts and crafts of all lands and ages; relics of some of the earliest and greatest voyages and expeditions into unknown lands.

Here, too, they find animals from their own countries which they may never have seen alive at home. How many from Africa have seen a gorilla or an okapi? How many from Australasia have seen a platypus, an echidna, or that echo from the immemorial past the tuatara—the lizard which alone of living things preserves the third-eye? How many have seen a great auk, a moa?

We have them all here, either as complete mounted specimens or in skeleton form; creatures of every clime and country, from every sea, from every height and depth. Yet with all this there still remains a disappointment. We cannot show a whale!

Skeletons of whales we have enough and to spare at the Natural History Museum, but no stuffed whale showing it in the round, as we show sharks and great reptiles.

Secrets of the Far South

WHILE the Russians are establishing themselves as masters of the North Pole the British are learning more and more secrets of the South.

The British Graham Land Expedition is back in England after three years in the Antarctic, where nearly 1000 miles of uncharted coastline have been photographed from the air. Reaching the Far South in the Penola, the explorers made Marguerite Bay their base. Their aeroplane was equipped with an apparatus for automatically taking photographs

of the land over which it flew, and during many flights a new strait was discovered and a mountain range over 8000 feet high found in an area which had always been thought to be open sea.

In spite of intense cold and terrible storms the expedition has returned without any casualties. The results of the three years' work are of great scientific value, and the survey which has been carried out is the first ever made of this remote corner of the Antarctic.

TURN AGAIN, ROOSEVELT!

The Difficult Position of the President

Turn again, Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London! sang the bells of Bow to the London apprentice and his white cat.

What of Mr Roosevelt? Many American voices are inviting him to consider at once whether he will not stand a third time for the Presidency when his second term of office expires; others, again, strongly oppose the idea. It is not a matter of the written Constitution, for it sets no limit whatever to the number of times a man may be elected President, but custom frowns on a third term of office.

The President himself says No, and apparently in all sincerity, but it is rather a pity that when a great State finds a good head it should not keep him until his powers fail. America has a big stream to cross; why change horses?

Growing Opposition

On the other hand, the President may well be beginning to feel tired of trying to save a nation from itself. His plans to reform the Supreme Court of the United States have failed.

The Republican Party (American Conservatives) has always opposed the idea that the President should be given power to add to the Court young judges who favour advanced legislation, and the Democrats (American Liberals), the President's own party, have increasingly opposed it.

The American Senate has defeated even a compromise Bill on the subject by 70 votes to 20, and refused to consider any reform of the Supreme Court.

There are many indications that the great financial and big business interests so powerful in American life are opposing themselves to advanced legislation.

THE GAS-ELECTRIC CAMPAIGN

War on the Hot-Plate

The warfare between electricity and gas waxes furious.

The householder is bombarded with rival advertisements and offers of various methods of running his house with gas through a pipe or current through a wire. A large amount of capital is being poured out to establish rival connections in the same road. We may see gas pipes laid along a country road to reach people who already have an electric supply.

In an interesting case a certain gas company offered electricity consumers a special gas hot-plate, so made as to fit conveniently on the top of an electric cooking-stove. Upon this the electricity company brought an action in the High Court to restrain the gas company from supplying such hot-plates. The court gave a verdict for the gas company.

Most of us have our own opinions as to the rival merits of gas and electricity, and we need only add that it seems a pity we have no authoritative and disinterested guidance on the subject. There are several points of real public importance in this bitter warfare. Which of the two methods is safer? Which cleaner? Which cheaper? The answers affect the health and comfort of millions.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest

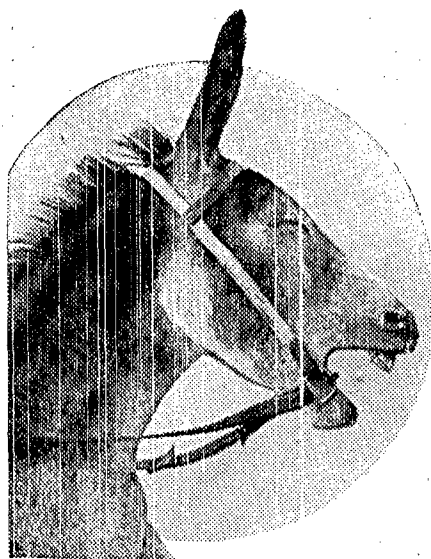
Painting by J. M. Nattier . . . £5200
Brush drawing by Fragonard . . £2900

Painting by Jan Steen . . . £1250
Portrait by Van Dyck . . . £980
Chelsea porcelain figure . . . £320
1st ed. Milton's Poems, 1645 . . £170
Letter by George Washington, 1788 £110

FRONT DOOR AND FRONT GATE

A famous London door is to go to America. It is the front door of 11 Berkeley Square, which opened again and again to admit Horace Walpole, who lived here from 1779 to 1797. The houses in the square, so long famous for its London planes, are coming down, and this front door is to go to America.

So Horace Walpole's front door goes across the sea, as Burne-Jones's front gate has found a home on the Editor's hilltop in Kent.



The donkey sees the joke

KING FAROUK AND HIS MOTHER

King Farouk, youngest reigning monarch in the world, is bidding fair to become known as an enlightened and progressive ruler. Returning from his tour of Europe he took his mother with him on the train from Alexandria to his country residence, and though this may seem quite natural to us, it was a departure from precedent, King Fuad, his father, never having allowed women to travel with him.

DEAR OLD LADY

A bedridden woman who spent years making and selling kettle-holders in aid of the National Institute for the Blind has died at 90. Her ambition had been to raise £20 in this way, and on the day before she died she had sent the Institute a remittance which brought up her total to £19 14s 6d.

Will some CN reader send the extra 5s 6d?

IRON FROM SAND?

A London firm claims to have found a way of extracting iron from the sand in Patea Harbour in the North Island of New Zealand. The firm proposes to produce 25,000 tons of iron a year to begin with, and when the scheme is fully working the company hopes to employ about 3500 people.

NATURAL GAS FOR THE LORRY

Russia has plenty of natural gas, and has found a new way to advertise it by employing it as fuel for a motor-lorry on a run of 100 miles.

The gas, natural methane, a 40 per cent constituent of coal gas, was carried in six balloons on the lorry. Those CN readers who remember the early days of the war will recall the sight of motor-cars with billowing tops of coal gas containers going by with a whiff, when ordinary people were not allowed to use up precious supplies of petroleum spirit.

Natural gas in Russia is now carefully led through 50,000 miles of pipe-lines, and its yearly value is nearly 20 million pounds. By the side of these figures the trickle of natural gas in England, near Heathfield in Sussex, which just suffices to keep a small gasometer filled, looks small indeed. But it pointed the way to the search in England for the oil from which it comes.

The Flies & the Caterpillars

WHITE cabbage butterflies come into the news again, swarms of thousands of them having been seen flying over Berlin.

Although they were fifty feet high they were seen by many people. One swarm was so large that it took hours to pass over the city.

It looks as if the German people will be short of Sauer Kraut (sour cabbage), the national dish, for huge swarms of cabbage butterflies were also seen over Silesia. They flew so high that they were seen near the mountain tops.

As for the hordes of cabbage butterflies which crossed the North Sea and invaded Norfolk a few weeks ago, as reported in the CN, they soon found that there were not enough cabbages to

go round. The result is that some of the eggs they laid have caused a plague of caterpillars in a mustard field at Terington St Clement. Experts were amazed to find these caterpillars on brown mustard, for never before have they been known to attack this plant.

But a surprising thing happened. The caterpillars were doing serious damage and threatened to destroy the crop, when suddenly millions of flies (probably a species of ichneumon flies) arrived in the field and exterminated the caterpillars. The flies laid huge quantities of eggs, which hatched rapidly into maggots, and the maggots, which are harmless to the crop, ate the caterpillars, the field of brown mustard being saved at the eleventh hour.

KEYS FOR THE OLD FOLK

There are happy old folk in Hull now that the city council's scheme for building houses for elderly men and women has been completed.

The Lord Mayor (Alderman Holmes) has fathered the scheme, for the houses have been built in honour of his mother, who is 83, and suggested the idea to him. The other day the Lord Mayor invited 20 old men and women to meet him to receive the keys of their houses.

SHE LOVED TO SERVE

Miss Myra McCreery, who has passed away at 63, was a woman after Florence Nightingale's own heart, for she spent her life nursing the sick and wounded.

During the South African War Miss McCreery was twice mentioned in despatches for her courage and devotion to duty in the field; and in 1908, when the terrible earthquake at Messina caused the death of about 150,000 Italians, she rendered first aid. For her magnificent services there she received the thanks of the Italian Government, the King of Italy decorating her with the Royal Cross. In 1914 Miss McCreery was among the first to reach France.

FIRST BRITISH SPEED ROAD?

In Italy and Germany they have long had roads specially and solely devoted to speedy motor traffic.

All other traffic is barred, and motorists pay a special fee to use them, the ordinary roads thus being relieved.

In Lancashire the County Highways Committee has made plans for the first British motor road on the Continental model. It is designed to be 54 miles long and 80 feet wide, and to run from the Westmorland to the Cheshire boundary, from north of Carnforth to Warrington.

LOVE YOUR ENEMY

My first effort personally is to learn day by day how to love my enemy, and in North China my Japanese enemy is sitting on my doorstep waiting for me to love him. A Chinese statesman at Oxford

THE TRUMPETER SWAN

The trumpeter swan, biggest waterfowl in North America, is being rigidly protected by Canada. Formerly common from the Pacific Coast to the Middle West, it was hunted in the early days for its plumage, which provided the valuable swansdown of commerce. Most of the trumpeter swans now in existence are found in British Columbia, wintering on its northern rivers; but in some severe winters the feeding grounds are frozen over and the swans suffer severely. When this happens the Canadian Government supplies the birds with grain, which must sometimes be transported nearly a hundred miles.

PUNCH OF KENSINGTON GARDENS

London has a tidy-minded dog. We may see him almost any day in Kensington Gardens, the three-year-old friend of Sergeant Jones, the park-keeper.

One day not long ago a retired General who knows Punch very well left his gloves and his newspaper on a chair near the Palace gate. Punch was a long way off at the time, but he dashed up to the chair, picked up the gloves and the paper, and overtook the General before he could reach the gate.

THE HAIR OF A QUEEN

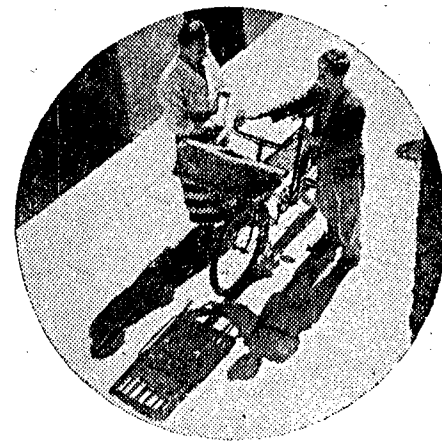
Another treasure has been added to the priceless possessions at Stonyhurst College in Lancashire. It is a lock of hair of Mary Queen of Scots, the gift of General Sir Felix Ready.

THE AIREDALE HERONS

The Upper Airedale village of Eshton, in Yorkshire, has quite a notable colony of herons, and they seem to be increasing.

Although well known in the Aire valley, the herons seem to retain a marked preference for Eshton. Even when their original home was disturbed by the felling of the oak trees, in which they congregated each spring for the nesting season, they made their new quarters quite close at hand in another belt of oak trees.

A trout stream in the neighbourhood provides a happy hunting ground where they can follow their sport all the year round. Happily, they are protected by the law.



Sunshine and shadow

THE LOUT AND HIS MATCH

The Litter Lout is too often also a destroyer by fire.

The same hand that discards the cigarette packet throws down the match or the burning cigarette that lays waste heath and wood.

The Forestry Commissioners tell us that last year 51 forest fires were caused by the general public, and the 407 fires which occurred did damage of over £20,000. In addition there were hundreds of fires in beauty spots not under the Forestry Commissioners, and damage was caused which cannot be expressed in money terms.

THE BRAVE SHIP CONWAY

The training ship Conway, well known in the Liverpool and Birkenhead district, for she has long been riding at anchor in the Mersey off Rock Ferry, is to go into dock. She was laid down 110 years ago and launched in 1839 after being 12 years on the stocks. Known as HMS Nile, she took part in the Crimean War. She is now the home of cadets who are training for the merchant navy.

A POCKETFUL OF WARMTH

Dezso Nagy, a Hungarian engineer, is said to have invented a pocket stove. Outwardly it looks like a small cylinder, and inside is a curious fuel made of ground charcoal, paper pulp, and powdered chestnuts. An ounce of this fuel, it is said, will provide adequate warmth for six hours.

USA LOOKS FORWARD

The National Resources Committee in the United States has published a report outlining the probable scientific progress of the immediate future.

The Committee foresees the development of the mechanical cotton-picker, air-conditioning equipment, plastics, the photo-electric cell, artificial cotton and wool, synthetic rubber, television, facsimile transmission, and petrol from coal.

The Committee is not uneasy about inventions as such, but asks that something effective shall be done in advance to prevent the economic and social machine from being thrown out of gear. The nation, it says, will always adapt itself to changes, but there is a time-lag to be feared, and the interval before the social life of the nation catches up with the inventions should be dealt with.

Boarding a Ferry in Egypt



BRAINS AT WORK

From Fall River in Canada comes this story of how a man rescued himself.

He was working in a cellar in a timber yard when a pile of cedar posts fell, pinning him to the wall. Unable to get free, the young man managed to drag his shirt off and set it alight. He held it near one of the automatic fire sprinklers, and the sprinkler at once went into action, putting out the fire and summoning the fire brigade.

NOT A PLEASURE PARK

What we might call an unpleasure park is to be opened at Dresden before long.

It will be known as a Traffic Education Park, and is intended as a school for offenders against traffic regulations. Crossings, corners, and squares where motorists may improve their driving are to be provided, and offenders will have to pass various tests before being allowed to drive on the roads again.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AUGUST 14

1937

Wisdom From The Scrap Heap

WHAT sort of management is it that in one year leaves iron unused, and in another year sends out a sort of SOS for iron?

"Collect your old iron," says the iron trade. "Any old bedsteads or bicycles or pails would be appreciated! Our furnaces do not produce enough; sell us your scrap."

And yet how recently the ironmasters were blowing out their blast furnaces and discharging their men, not in one country but in all lands which have the good luck to possess iron!

In 1932, when trade was so bad that many men despaired of its ever becoming better, Britain produced only 298,000 tons of steel in a month. Bitter poverty reigned in the iron centres, and thousands of men had to carry on without wages. Yet only three years before our monthly steel output was 632,000 tons, or more than twice as much as in 1932, and now we are turning out over a million tons a month, far more than ever before.

Even worse was the experience of the United States and Germany. Both these countries have recovered and are now again producing steel freely.

Here we put our finger on a fault which clearly should not exist. The world has a steadily growing need for useful and pleasurable things. Its iron needs must be constantly growing. Yet we see all these variations in the supply.

It has been always so. Trade has gone up and down in cycles of about ten years, the productive work of mankind mocked by causes which are mysterious in action but only too clear in effect.

It is certain that the machinery of trade is at fault. Not in production but in exchange the world comes to economic misery. Not in the factory but in the bank and the market we must seek a remedy.

It has taken many years and much bitter experience to bring men to look this matter in the face. There is no longer a blind acceptance of bad trade as a necessary thing, for we all know that these ups and downs must be avoidable. What we need is a wiser management of money, the medium of exchange; it is in this alone that the constant and increasing needs of men will find an answer in a constant and increasing output of goods.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Low Flying

HYTHE and other towns are complaining of low flying.

It is said that too often military planes dive to within a few hundred feet of domestic chimney-pots. It is an issue with two sides to it. R A F and naval pilots have to be trained, and the training is done at great risk to the airmen, as the long casualty lists show. The nation cannot expect to escape from some inconvenience when it asks young men to take such heavy war risks in time of peace. On the other hand, some care is called for in flying exercises, and it does not appear to be necessary to indulge in low flying over inhabited places.

Welcome

THE CN sends its greetings to the Lincolnshire town of Stamford. Running into it the other day we were greeted with this notice:

Welcome to Stamford.

Stay a while amid its ancient charm.

What a friendly greeting to the stranger visiting this lovely town!

Thinking of Brookdown

I SEE the cottage where I lived,
Its rose-encircled door.
I hear wild winds that used to bring
Wild songs down from the moor.

I roam a lane that still doth live,
That ever speaks to me
Of Flora's fairest little ones,
Of mists and melody.

I thank God for these visions rare,
Dear memories that remain:
The wild songs from those moorlands
and
The language of that lane.

Egbert Sandford

The Great Cloud of Birds

A CORRESPONDENT writing to one of the grown-up papers has been reminding us of the price which is sometimes paid for our amusement.

I was standing on the rocky beach at Ailsa Craig, he tells us, when a passing steamer sounded a horn and the usual cloud of sea-birds arose. A bird expert shook his head in disapproval. "It may amuse the passengers," he said, "but it spells death to dozens of young birds. The startled mother bird rises from the nest leaving her young exposed. Certain birds are watching their opportunity to swoop down, and when some of those lovely kittiwakes or guillemots return to their niches on the cliffs it is only to find that their young have furnished a meal for one of their murderous neighbours, perhaps the herring gull."

The Fashions

Fashion is always silly, for before it can spread far it must be calculated for silly people, as examples of sense, wit, or ingenuity could be imitated only by a few.

Horace Walpole

Thanking the Library

A London clerk who has just finished building a bungalow has sent a snapshot of his home and the following letter to Poplar Libraries Committee.

THREE years ago I knew nothing of building a dwelling-house. I have now gone through all the processes from the drawing of the plans to the fixing of the tiles without any assistance, except from your books. I feel that this is a very interesting sidelight on the usefulness of your Department.

Tip-Cat



A TEACHER declares that children get bored with repeating history. Thought it repeated itself.

MANY people burn the candle at both ends. It makes them waxy.

DETECTIVES are using kine cameras. Get some arresting pictures.

PRETTY nose contests are popular. But the losers feel as if they have been given a snub.

SOME kinds of music put you off. The piano stool?

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If police orchestras keep to their beats

ALL the maids at a London hotel are six feet tall. The height of fashion.

IT is said that the man who sent a libel by telegram was merely expressing his thoughts.

ONE of the biggest firework displays was held at Arundel Park. Everything went off well.

OPEN-AIR debates are pleasant in the summer. Encourage breezy speakers.

AMATEUR actors usually rise to the occasion. Think they are rising stars.



THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

ONE of the biggest known Roman baths has been found at Leicester.

THE POST OFFICE has had its best year on record.

THE WELSH tinplate trade has agreed on a scheme for 65 as the retiring age with £1 a week pension.

THERE were five million letters and parcels a week more this year than last.

JUST AN IDEA

Is it not as easy to be caught up in the net of goodness as it is to be caught in the net of evil?

The Organ-Blower

By The Pilgrim

WE were at a village chapel one summer evening.

While we were in the pew we could hear the swallows outside, and through the open door we could see grazing sheep in the green fields. The smell of meadowsweet came in with every little breeze.

The people sang old hymns with great fervour, and after an address an old man stood up and proposed a vote of thanks. He thanked the chairman for coming into the country. He thanked the speaker for what he had said. He thanked the choir for singing, and the organist for playing, and the people for coming. "And last, but not least," said he, "we thank the organ-blower for blowing—doing it all behind the scenes where nobody can look on and say how well he's doing it."

After the service we told him we were glad he had mentioned the organ-blower, and, turning with a smile, he said, "Why, it is good to remember the folk that other people forget."

To a Fur Scarf

THE trap jaws clanked and held him fast;

None marked his fright, none heard his cries.

His struggles ceased; he lay at last
With wide uncomprehending eyes
And watched the sky grow dark above
And watched the sunset turn to grey;
And quaked with anguish while he strove

To gnaw the prisoned leg away.
Then day came rosy from the East,
But still those steel jaws kept their hold;

And no one watched the prisoned beast
But Fear and Hunger, Thirst and Cold.
Oppressed by pain his dread grew numb,

Fright no more stirred his flagging breath.

He longed in vain to see him come,
The cruel biped, bringing death.
Then through the gloom that night came ONE

Who set the timid spirit free:
*I know thine anguish, little son,
So once men trapped and tortured me.*

F. F. Van de Water

Dear Is My Little Native Vale

Dear is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and murmurs there;

Close by my cot she tells her tale
To every passing villager;
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange-groves and myrtle-bowers,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
With my loved lute's romantic sound;
Or crowns of living laurel weave
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danced in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay
Sung in the silent greenwood shade;
These simple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

Samuel Rogers

THE FLAG ON INACCESSIBLE

A Little Empire For the Loneliest Island

AN Empire Builder called on the Editor the other day and told the story of his empire building.

He is building up a colony on an island which has so far known no human life, an island with a magic name that would have greatly stirred Sir Walter Raleigh or Sir Francis Drake. It lies far away in the vast Pacific Ocean, a neighbour of the loneliest island in the British Empire, and it is marked on the map with this captivating name, *Inaccessible*.

On this tiny island (about two miles each way) is now to be realised a remarkable dream, the dream of an empire for Tristan da Cunha, somewhere for these people to go, something for them to do, a chance of pioneering for their sons, a vision splendid they can cherish. It is something to have a vision beyond your garden gate, a goal to which all your adventures lead. It is a new life and a new longing that has been given to the youth of Tristan, for Inaccessible Island has come to stand for them like a magnet. The other day it was a barren land they saw across the water; today it is their Empire, and the change is like the transformation brought about by a wave of Aladdin's Lamp.

The Missionary Returns as an Empire Builder

WHEN the Rev Harold Wilde went out to the world's loneliest island, Tristan da Cunha, halfway between South America and South Africa, three years ago, few people envied him. An island of 42 families, without wireless or cinema, where there is nothing whatever to do but to grow potatoes and catch fish, with a mailboat that calls once a year—it did not seem a cheerful prospect.

But Mr Wilde was no ordinary man; he has been out three years, and is now in England on furlough until October, and the other day he called on the C N to give the Editor a glowing account of his work.

He went out a simple missionary; he comes back an Empire Builder.

Tristan is a wonderful place, he says. He considers as sheer folly the suggestion that the islanders should be evacuated to South Africa. All that the fine, stalwart people of this distant isle need is the chance to work to improve their environment, a wider outlook, and the possibility of trading with the mainland. These things are all included in

the Five-Year Plan on which they are now working.

Mr. Wilde's great idea, that would so strongly have appealed to Cecil Rhodes and strongly appeals to the C N, is that to widen her outlook Tristan should have her own Empire. She has already planted her first colony on the uninhabited island 21 miles away.

Last September Mr Wilde set out in a boat with 12 boy pioneers, two men, some sheep, pigs, food, seeds, grain, tools—a real Swiss Family Robinson sort of equipment. The first thing they did was to build a house for the boys. It is 40 feet long and 20 feet wide; it took them four days. Then Mr Wilde went back to Tristan and left the pioneers to prove what stuff was in them.

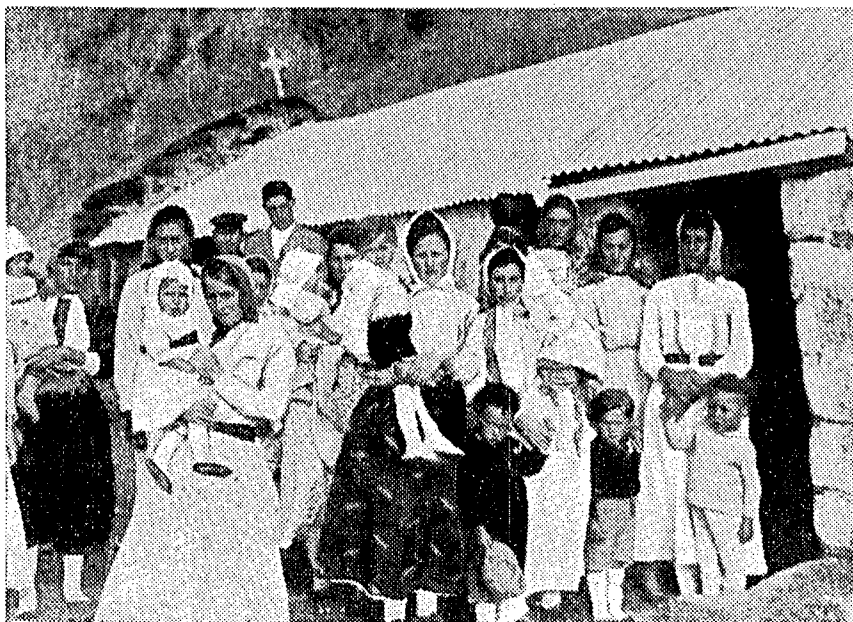
They worked hard every day from daylight to dark, and brought a good-sized piece of land under cultivation, taking off a crop of 300 bushels of potatoes, besides vegetables and wheat. At Christmas they went home for the holidays, looking very fit and happy.

Were they tired of their Inaccessible life? people asked. Did they want to come back home? No, said the boys, they were doing something worth while, developing new land, and they liked it; that job was theirs.

The spirit of the empire builders is catching, and now another group of young volunteers has come forward and asked for the chance to test their mettle on Nightingale Island, 25 miles off and covering only one square mile. But there were not enough tools and tackle to give them their chance. "Wait until I come back from England," said Mr Wilde, and we beg our readers to help him to build up Nightingale Island as well as Inaccessible. Who knows what may come of it, and what chapters of life may be written on these islands with such enchanting names?

How the Little Empire in the Southern Seas Began

IF the settlement of the two islands turns out as happily as that of Tristan, this little empire in the Southern Seas will be a happy and peaceful example to many more favoured lands. Tristan was first occupied in 1816, when artillery men went there with a gun during the captivity of Napoleon on St Helena. The men liked it and wrote to ask if they might stay—and were there any girls in St Helena with the courage to come out and marry them?



Waiting to attend the Thanksgiving Service at the Tristan Church

There were! Those marriages were happy ones; they established the island tradition. There are now 187 people in the community, all healthy and strong, the men all over six feet.

Mr Wilde tells us that the people are extremely industrious and deeply spiritual. Their work is farming and fishing. They are all equal. "Share and share alike" is the island rule. They have no money. All their trade with the annual mailboat is done by barter. Mr Wilde calls it a perfect communal life. He himself is dentist, doctor, schoolmaster, and judge, as well as priest and empire builder, a friendly counsellor of every man and woman in the kingdom that he rules.

Everything Mr Wilde has suggested in his three years on the island has been eagerly carried out by the inhabitants, without any question of wages. All they have is a dance and games when the work is completed; then comes the question: What can we do next? In this spirit they have constructed a storehouse, a lighthouse, and two big shelters near the potato fields. They have laid foundations for a hospital and new chaplain's quarters, mounted their historic gun, improved all sanitary conditions, made seats along their beaches, built bridges, and made a landing field for aeroplanes. Not a bad record for 42 families and one person in three

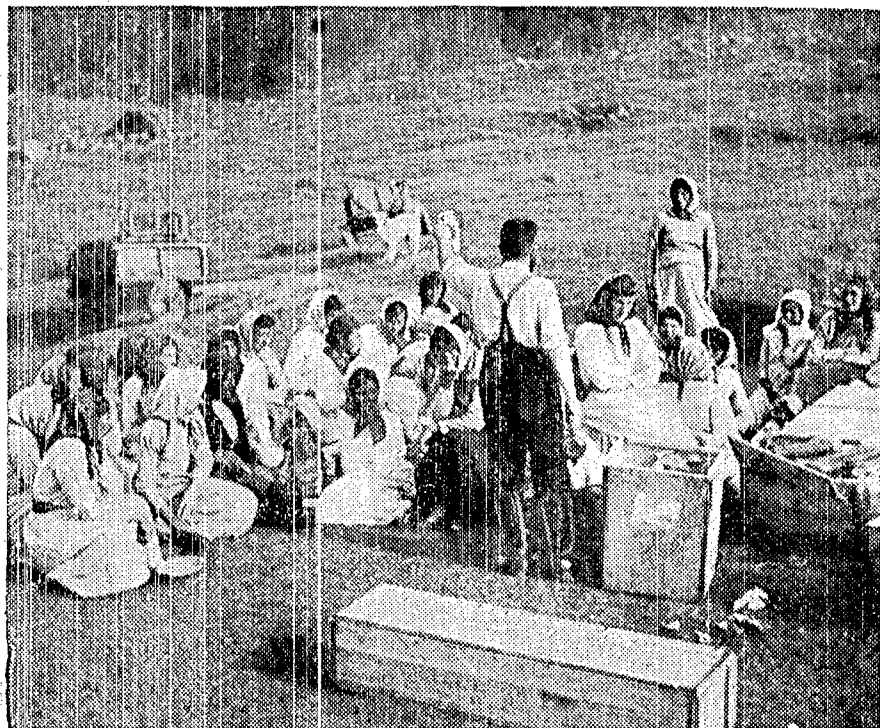
years, considering that they had their living to wrest from the land!

Inaccessible Island may remain inaccessible for some time to come, but the main island will be in touch with the world for the first time in history when Mr Wilde returns, for he will take with him a wireless equipment specially designed for Tristan, where there are no facilities for charging accumulators and where batteries can be obtained only once a year from the boat.

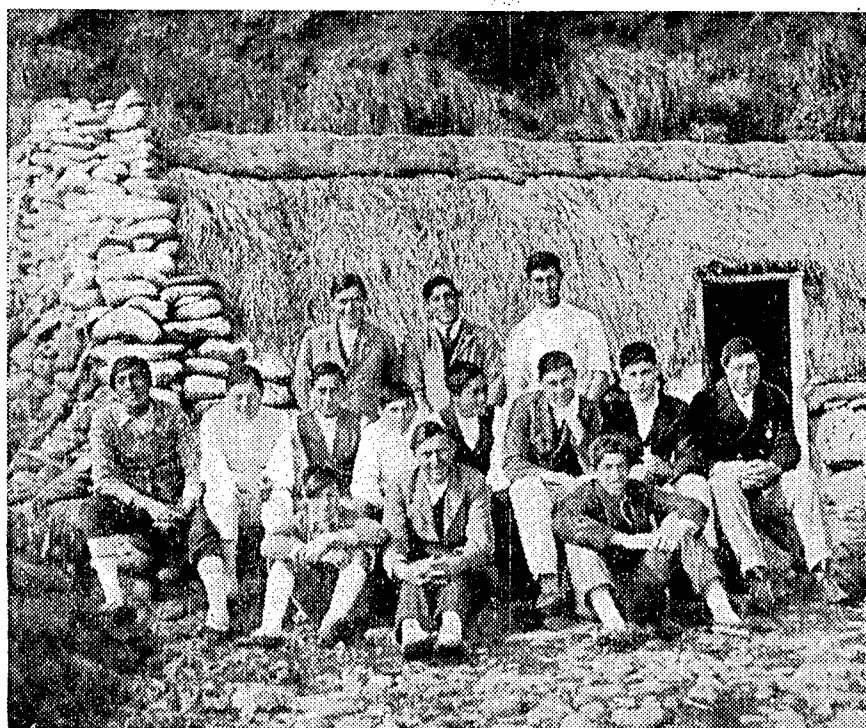
Mr Wilde hopes also to take back enough farming tools and fishing tackle to launch a new group of pioneers on Nightingale. If anyone would care to send him money to buy these, or gifts of cloth, shirting, and sewing-cotton, they would be helping to advance the flag in an island where only wild birds now dwell.

Or, if you should send a parcel, please write first to Mr Wilde at S P G House, 15 Tufton Street, London, S W 1, telling him what you propose to send and the approximate weight.

The Editor greatly hopes that C N readers will send what they can in money to Mr Wilde. Already the Mother of the C N (the Children's Encyclopedia) is on the island, with the C N and many of the Editor's books, and it is a fine opportunity that comes to us to help forward this new piece of civilising and colonising on a barren island.



Mr Wilde distributing gifts after a ship's call at Tristan



The young pioneers and their hut on Inaccessible Island

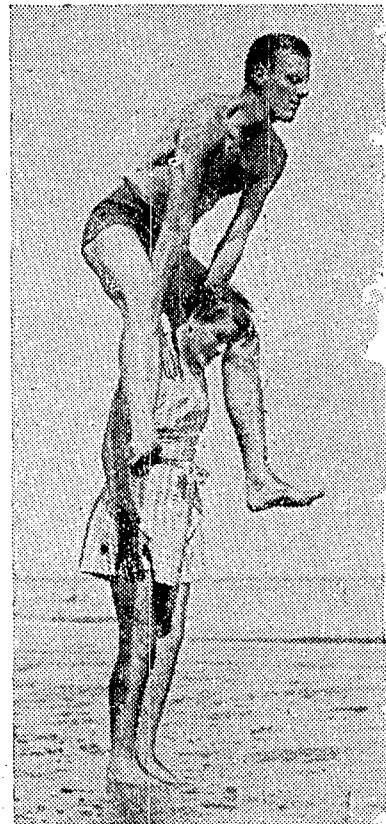
This Happy Month of August—Joyous Days By



Looking out to sea from a Suffolk sand-dune



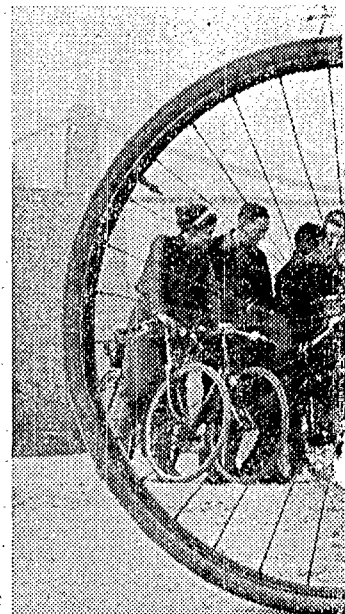
A holiday afoot gives time to admire the countryside



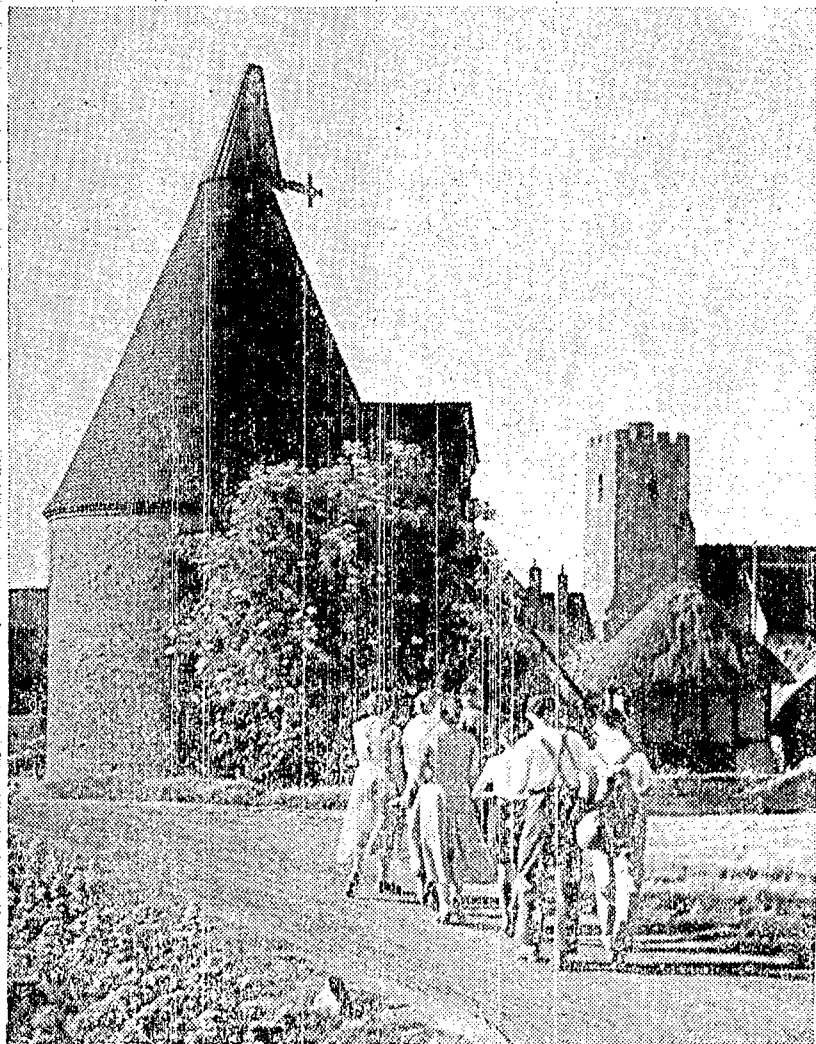
Leapfrog on the beach at Shanklin



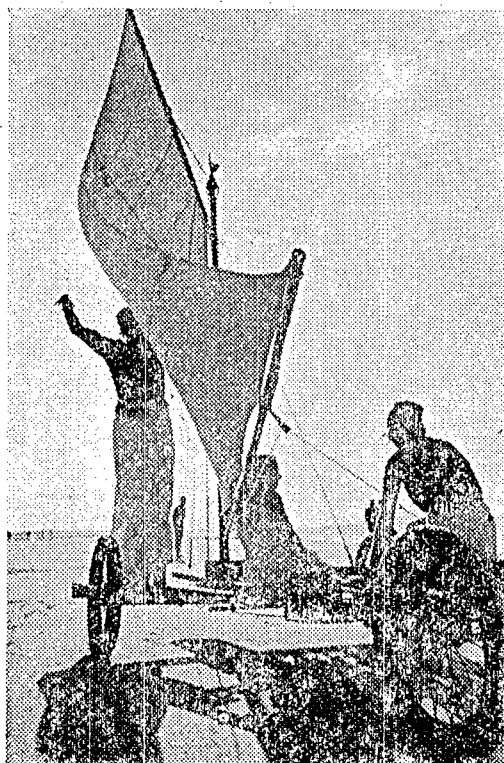
Off for a morning's fishing in the village pond



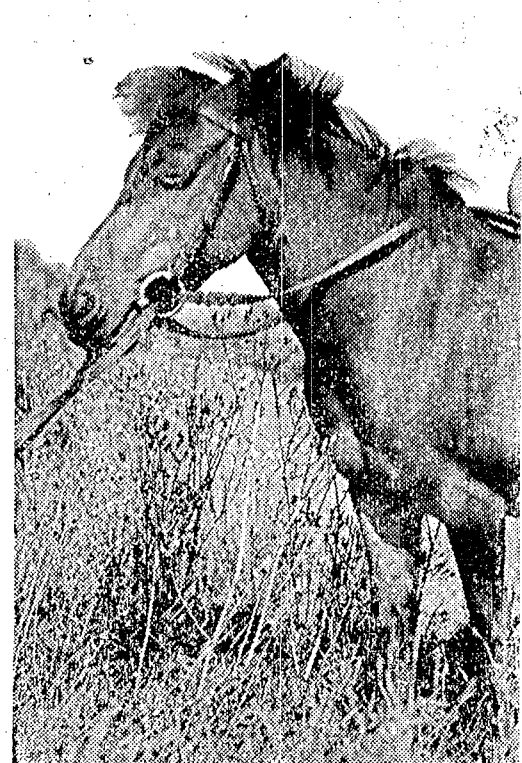
Bristol cyclists about to s



Ramblers passing through Southfleet in Kent

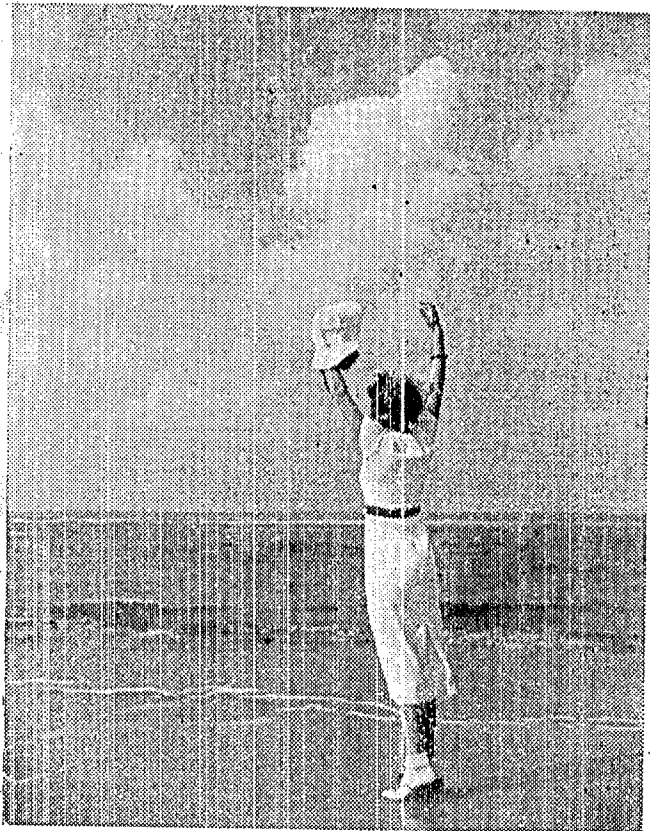


Sunshine, the sea, and a sand-yacht

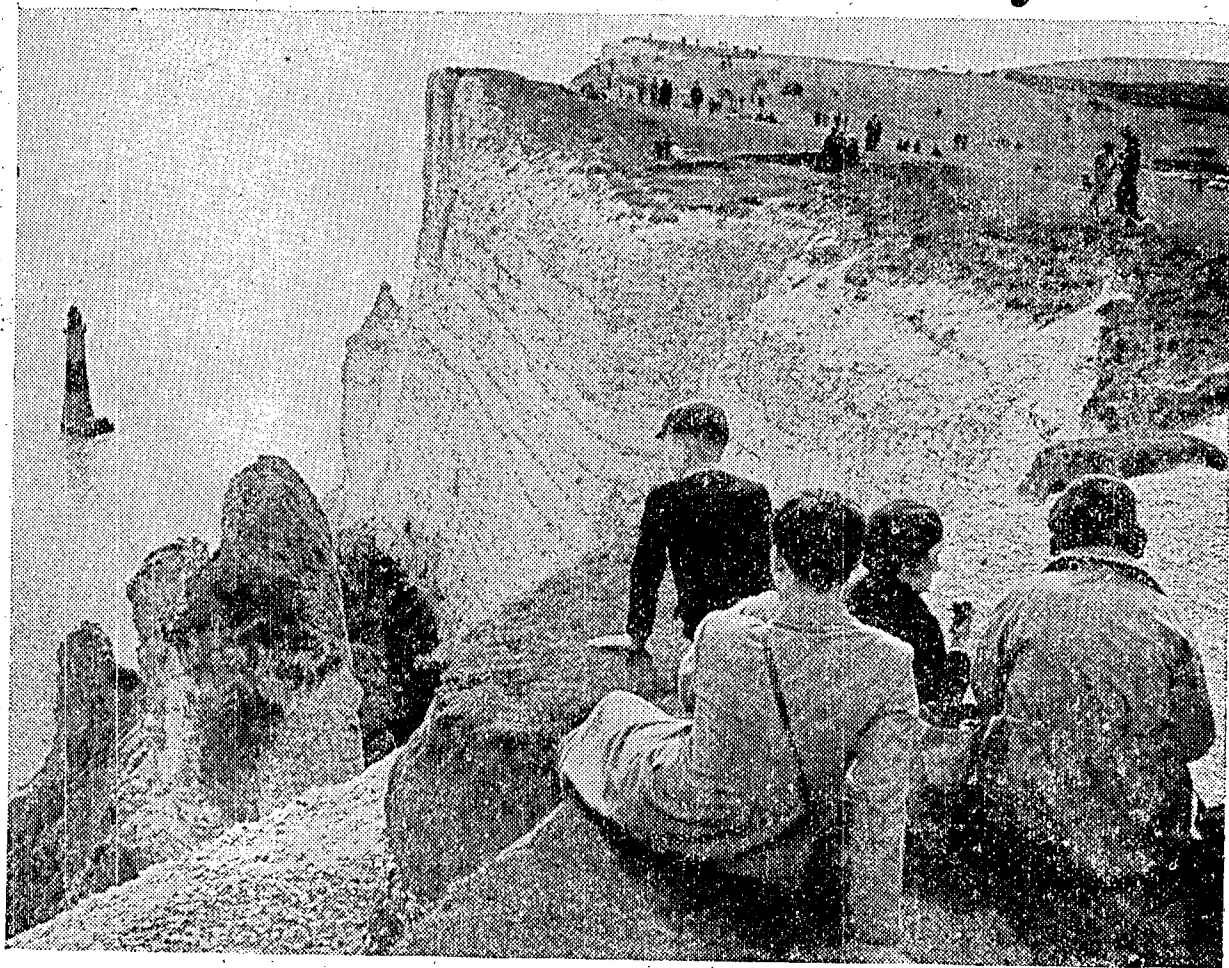


A summer's day on a s

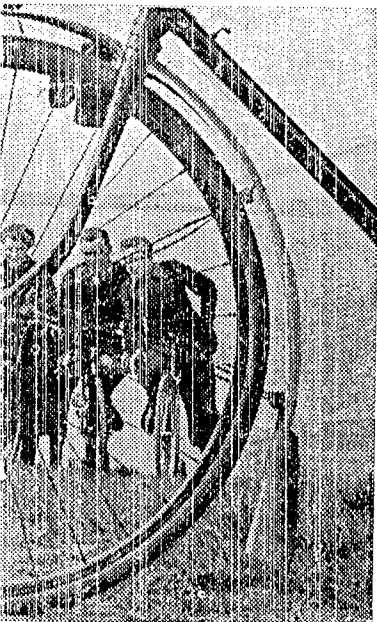
At the Open Sea and In Our Lovely Countryside



The city dweller greets the sea



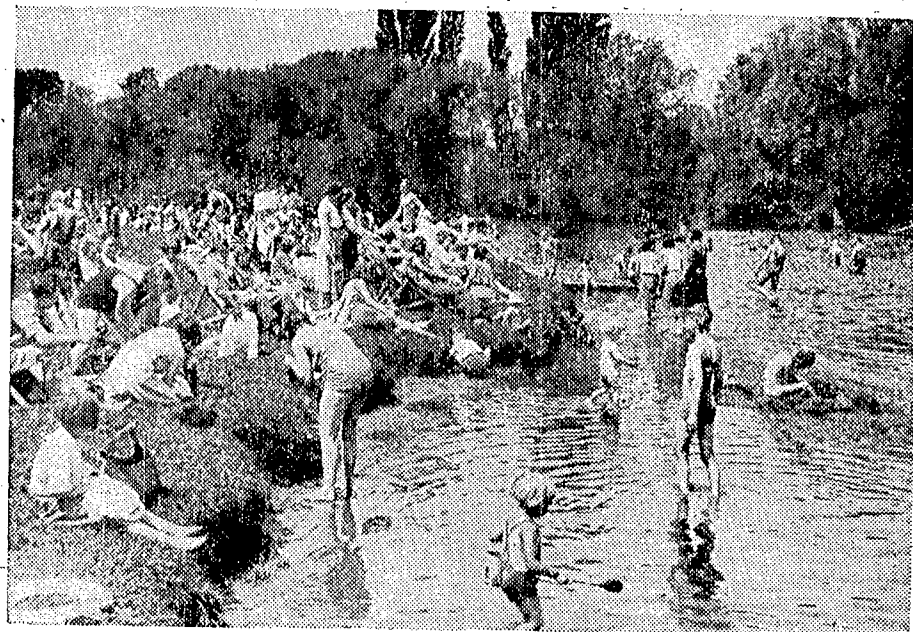
Looking down on the lighthouse from Beachy Head, a favourite spot on the South Downs



off for a run in the country



Rock-climbing in Winnats Pass, Derbyshire



A pleasant afternoon by the Thames at historic Runnymede



ex farm



At Ilfracombe—The end of the day's walk



Time to go home

THE WORLD OF MYSTERY IN FRONT OF EVERY BOY

THE EDITOR was with a great headmaster at one of our public schools the other day when a boy passed by and the headmaster said, "That is a very clever boy—I think he is going to be a great figure in English science." What mysteries await solution in the years that lie before this scientific boy!

It is an important thing for us all to realise that, so far from having less opportunity than our fathers, we have almost the entire field of discovery before us. The world is still ours to conquer. Despite what has been learned and recorded in books, all elementary things, life, matter, and motion, remain mysteries.

All that science and philosophy have done for us so far is to prepare the ground for real discovery. Here and there we seem to be trembling on the verge of getting to know, but the frontiers of the problems of matter and existence are difficult to pierce. Let no boy or girl imagine that most things have been accomplished, and that there is little or nothing left to do; almost everything remains for enquiry, for adventure, for triumphant solution.

Not many years ago science was an outcast, and the scientific man could not get a hearing. Now we have changed all that, and the unthinking have veered round from the scorn of science to an

equally absurd acceptance of anything that is said in the name of science. Scientific words having little real value become misused and are the common property of quacks and charlatans. It is quite common for rubbishy goods to be palmed off upon us as scientific.

To sum up, what mankind knows is that it has discovered that *certain results follow certain causes, but why the results follow the causes remains a secret.*

Take that familiar thing a litter of kittens. Here is a bunch of loveliness, of alluring vivacity and grace and playfulness. If we understood this common but beautiful thing we should understand all life, but it is as much a mystery at this hour as it was to Aristotle. The scientist can tell you that cats of a certain shape and colour will follow the pairing of certain parents, but he cannot tell us *Why*.

Science Still Asks Why

Compare this commonplace thing, a litter of kittens, with a litter of puppies. How very alike are the kittens and puppies in some things, and how very different in others! They have the same organs, they are much the same shape, yet they differ in a thousand ways. More subtle still, in the same litter, either of kittens or puppies, we find individuals different in character—one with a good temper, another spiteful and

vicious. *Why? Science has not found even the glimmering of an answer.*

Or go back to the simple cells from which either the kitten or the puppy is derived and what do we see? Science can tell us that they are so nearly alike that we cannot see the difference. Why should a simple cell, a few atoms of matter in a fragile envelope, develop into a kitten or a puppy, and why should that tiny cell contain and transmit characteristics of a peculiar and subtle sort? *Science has no answer.*

A Profound Problem

Here are the eggs of those lovely and common birds the chaffinch, the stonechat, and the redstart. They are all blue, all about the same size and shape. Why should their contents, all looking the same to us, change into creatures so generally alike and yet so very different? It is a simple question and yet one so profound that *no man knows the answer:*

A bird, a flower, knows all that science can tell

*Of how its lovely attributes are led,
Of how its kind sleeps hid within a cell,
Of why its characters are inherited.
Why is each chaffinch bold, each goldfinch shy,
Each robin friendly? Echo answers, Why?*

And when we turn from the world of life to the world of matter we are utterly

unable to explain why there is Motion (for all things are in motion) which we call inorganic, or without life, and Motion which we call life, capable of reproducing its kind but incapable of reproducing any other kind.

We know of our motion relatively to the sun, but we do not know whence or why. Unable to conceive the possibility of endless space, we devise mathematical theories, but they merely add mystery to mystery. Nothing is solved, and here we are as far off from the *Why* as when Newton pondered why an apple fell from a tree.

But modern science is very young, and it has learned a little of what follows when certain things are done. It has learned, for example, how on a great scale to make magnets set up currents of energy in wires and so light or heat a city—in one sense wonderful, but in another sense very simple, because it is merely a large-scale operation in producing certain results from certain causes. The great *Why, What is Electricity?*, remains. Perhaps the new generation will answer it. The present answer, that it is a sort of motion, merely leads us to the further mystery, *What is Motion?*

Many young people will read these words, and one of them may find an answer to one of our many *Whys!* The world awaits the new Columbus.

Old Skinflint—The Astonishing Story of Little Nolly

IT is 200 years this week since one of England's queerest sculptors came into the world.

He was Joseph Nollekens, born in London on August 11, 1737. A little crippled man with a huge head and a nose humorously described as being like the rudder of an Antwerp packet boat, he was a genius with marble and clay. George the Third, Charles James Fox, Lord Grenville, Dr Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, the Empress of Russia, and the Duke of Wellington all sat for him.

Many of his statues are to be seen up and down our land, and in Westminster Abbey is his famous monument to the three captains, William Bayne, William Blair, and Lord Robert Manners, who fell in Admiral Rodney's two victories over the French. The greatest in the land were proud to be his models. To be sculptured by Nollekens was a privilege as much sought after as to be painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds himself. But has there ever been a stranger sculptor than this grotesque little man? Joseph was working in the Piccadilly

studio of an Antwerp sculptor when a boy. His master was Peter Scheemakers, who told everyone that Joseph was a good, honest lad, but dull. It was true, for to the end of his life Joseph (whom his friends called Little Nolly) was shockingly ignorant of almost everything outside his art. He was then strictly honest, and his wife used to say that she could always trust him to stone raisins; but his regard for the honesty gave way before his great love of money, and as he grew older this passion increased.

During the ten years he worked hard for Peter Scheemakers he saved enough money to take him to Italy. Winning several prizes for modelling in clay, he



Joseph Nollekens—in the National Portrait Gallery

received commissions from the Society of Arts. Some of the ways in which he made money in Italy were anything but honest. He restored antiques. Employed by wealthy men to find ancient sculptures, he would add new limbs and heads to old marble, staining the new work with tobacco water to make it look mellowed, and charging high prices for his treasures. When he returned to England in 1770 he was already rich, but he did not hesitate to trick the Customs officials by stuffing his casts and busts with silk stockings on which he ought to have paid duty.

It was while in Italy that Joseph made his first bust, with David Garrick as his model. The famous actor paid 12 guineas in gold, and the work was so fine that Laurence Sterne sat for the sculptor. From that time on Little Nolly was much sought after by distinguished people. Over a long period he was making many thousands of pounds a year, and when he died at 85 he left a fortune of £200,000. He ought to have lived in comfort the greater part

of his life, but he was too miserly for that, and the way in which he and his ill-tempered and parsimonious wife tried to save a penny here and there, as if they had hardly a shilling in the world, is almost unbelievable.

It is said that once when Lord Londonderry was sitting for his bust on a cold day he put half a shovel of coals on the fire while the sculptor was out of the room. Mrs Nollekens heard, and spoke sharply to him, asking if he thought coal could be had for nothing. She is said to have fed her dogs by taking them round the butchers' stalls in Oxford Market; and the sculptor is known to have pocketed such trifles as nutmegs at Academy dinners.

Whenever he dined at a friend's house he would steal a little of the food, and at a time when he was earning about £100 a week he would wrangle with his cobbler over the price of a few nails in his shoes. For all that, this strange and incalculable genius would sometimes astonish his friends by sudden freaks of generosity.

Sandy Has Been Building Ships For a Long, Long Time

Down To the Sea. By George Blake. Collins, 12s 6d.

THERE must be many of our readers who are proud to belong to the land through which the River Clyde goes down to the sea.

One of their own people, George Blake, has written a fine book telling the story of the great builders of our ships; from the first humble steamboat to the glory of the Queen Mary.

We all know the story of James Watt. He was a Greenock man, son of a merchant of that city. He was 28 years old in the winter of 1763, when a new idea came to him. At the time the University of Glasgow had encouraged him to improve an engine called Newcomen's, a fine plaything, as Watt called it; and thus it was that the new idea came.

One Sunday afternoon he went for a walk. He tells us exactly where the discovery came to him. "I was thinking upon the engine at the time, and had gone as far as the herd's house, when the idea came into my mind that, as steam was an elastic body it would rush into a vacuum, and if a communication were made between the cylinder and an

exhausted vessel it would rush into it and might be condensed without cooling the cylinder."

That great idea meant the beginning of a new age for the world, for where a new power is discovered there begins a new age. Here began the reign of Steam.

In 1812 Henry Bell sent out the steamer the Comet, by which he claimed to be the father of the steamboat. That claim does not stand, but Henry Bell deserves honour for his courage and skill. The Comet was 42 feet long, 11 feet broad, and 5 feet 6 inches deep. The original engine, which is now at South Kensington, is 5 feet high, with about four h-p.

Bell announced on August 5, 1812, that the steam passage-boat the Comet would take passengers between Glasgow, Greenock and Helensburgh on three days a week.

The Comet was never a great success; by 1816 she was taken from the Clyde to the Firth of Forth and put on a long run up and down the West Highlands. She came to grief in the end at Craignish Point, where she struck the rocks and broke up; and Bell was left a dis-

appointed man, who thought that he had not received from a grateful country the honour or the money which he deserved.

The Napiers were greater men. David came first, a fine artist; but Robert became the more famous of the two brothers. He began with £50 borrowed from his father and started in a small shop in Greyfriars Wynd. Now, whenever we see the great Cunard steamers, we should not forget that little shop, for it was through the partnership of Cunard and Robert Napier that the Cunard Company came into being.

Robert was a fine engineer, who would have nothing but the best work. "I cannot and I will not admit of anything being done or introduced into these engines but what is sound and good." And his engines stood the test.

In 1840 the Britannia made the journey westwards to America, with 63 passengers, in a fortnight, but returned in about ten days. She could be housed in one of the Queen Mary's public rooms; but she is honoured as being the first mail steamship to cross the Atlantic.

It was Napier who devised the red funnel with its black top.

Many other great men of the Clyde come into this book, which begins with the early stories and ends with the building and launching and first voyage of the Queen Mary.

Mr Blake describes all the wonders of the launching; but he does not forget the builder's-yard manager who was responsible—the central figure on the stage. On a platform of his own this man in his bowler hat stood watching.

When the notables had all left the scene that man with the bowler hat still watched his ship, which now he had been obliged to resign to others.

At last he turned away, and as he did so a small group of shipyard men took off their caps and cheered him. "It was a private affair—a few workers who knew their job saluting a worker of whose job they knew the significance."

Someone was comparing the Queen Mary with other ships that cross the Atlantic. "No," one Clydeside man said "she's not the Normandie, and she's not the Bremen, and she's not the Rex. But she is Sandy's idea of a ship, and Sandy has been building ships for a long, long time."

THANKING THE POLICEMAN

A School Idea in Ottawa

A police constable in the city of Ottawa recently had an experience probably unique in police annals.

His name is Fred Syms, and for many years he has been on duty outside one of the public schools in the Canadian city. Every day while the school was in session Constable Syms has guarded the life and limbs of the scholars from passing cars. He has done his task cheerfully and with a faithfulness that has won for him the affection of the children, though the youngsters did not tell him that.

But on the last day of school before the holidays this year the kindly and efficient officer received the surprise of his life. Rushing from school in a body, nearly 500 boys and girls mobbed him. Traffic was held up, and amazed pedestrians stood watching and listening as a tremendous chorus of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" surged up around the embarrassed policeman.

Following the musical honours an address of appreciation composed by the children was read. After the address came another chorus—of brief but eloquent personal addresses; and then came a presentation of a pen and pencil to help the gallant officer to make his daily reports. It was with the greatest difficulty that the blushing bluecoat managed to stammer out his words of thanks. "You're a great lot of kids!" he managed to say, and avoided further speech by smilingly piloting the children across the street so that traffic could move once more.

CATTLE OVER THE MOUNTAINS

A Long Drive in New Zealand

Although much of New Zealand's countryside reminds tourists of Old England, there are still vast areas of wild mountain country.

For instance, there arrived at the livestock market near Dunedin recently a mob of 170 bullocks, which had been driven for six weeks from the cattle station 300 miles away at Haast, on the opposite coast of New Zealand.

Six drovers mounted on stout ponies were employed to get the bullocks through the mountainous country near Haast, which is an out-of-the-way settlement on the south-west coast of the South Island. Ten head of cattle were lost through falling from the precipitous track in the Haast Pass, and one of the drovers was washed down a flooded river and had to spend a night in the open before he could rejoin his companions. At one ford the drovers had to wait a week for a flooded river to go down so that the cattle could be driven over in safety.

A search aeroplane was sent out to see what had happened to these drovers and their cattle in the mountains and to drop supplies of food for them.

At last they arrived in settled country, and two drovers sufficed to take the cattle on another 200 miles to Dunedin.

Tray Farming

From the United States comes the unfamiliar idea of "tray agriculture."

This, it appears, is a method of growing plants by suspending them so that their roots take up nourishment from a tray of water in which chemical food is dissolved. The yield is said to be high.

This may remind us of the established American method of growing chickens in a factory in which the birds never become acquainted with natural conditions, but are reduced to mere mechanisms producing food.

FOUNDATION STONES IN OLD EGYPT

Treasures Found Under Them

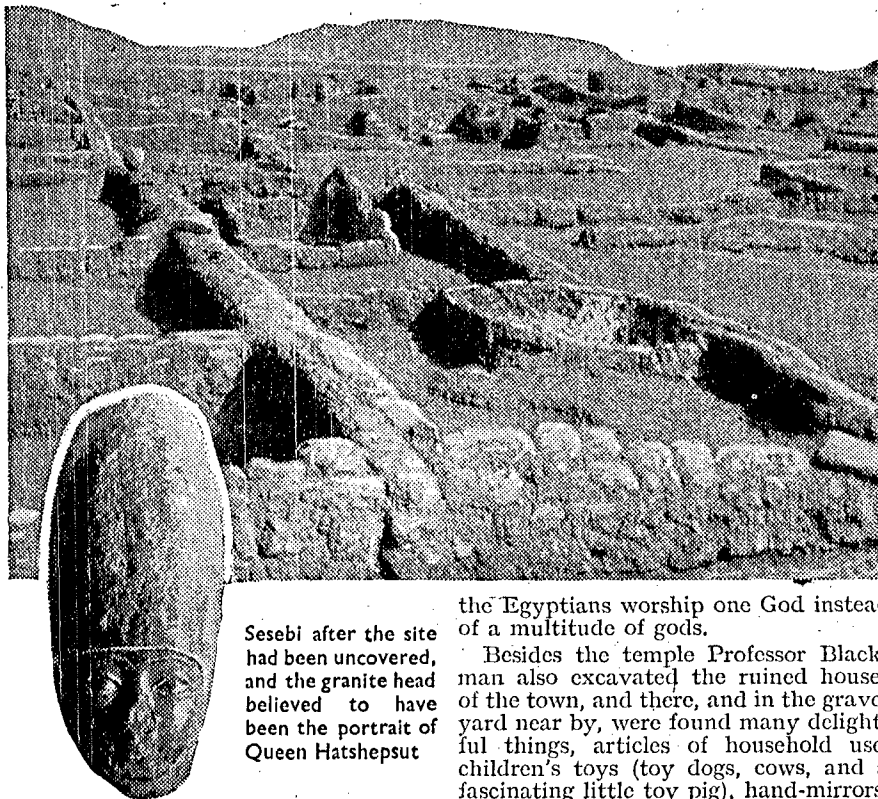
In a study at Liverpool University stands an unusual figure.

It is the mummy of a cheerful-looking lady gazing down benignly at the study's owner, a tall brown-eyed man whose brilliant researches into the history of ancient Egypt have won for him the oldest Chair of Egyptology in England.

He is Professor A. M. Blackman, who has just returned to his desk in Liverpool after digging up yet more of Egypt's far-distant past.

Last winter and spring the professor with three colleagues, on behalf of the

In the town where the archaeologists were digging are the remains of what was a magnificent temple, erected about the time that the Israelites captured Jericho. Beneath both the north-west and south-west corner-stones of this building the members of the expedition came upon small pits, all four of them full of all sorts of attractive things: blue scarabs, blue tiles, copper model tools, brightly-coloured beads, and little pottery vases. Most interesting among these objects were the scarabs and tiles, for they were inscribed with the name of the famous Pharaoh Akhenaten, the king who tried to make



Sesebi after the site had been uncovered, and the granite head believed to have been the portrait of Queen Hatshepsut

Egypt Exploration Society, excavated a new and untouched site in the northern Sudan, between the second and third cataracts of the Nile. Here they made some extremely lucky and interesting discoveries.

As coins and newspapers of our time are often placed under the foundation stones of new buildings, so did the ancient Egyptians deposit objects of their day under the corner-stones of their temples, and at Sesebi Professor Blackman was fortunate in finding four sets of such foundation deposits, a unique discovery of its kind.

the Egyptians worship one God instead of a multitude of gods.

Besides the temple Professor Blackman also excavated the ruined houses of the town, and there, and in the graveyard near by, were found many delightful things, articles of household use, children's toys (toy dogs, cows, and a fascinating little toy pig), hand-mirrors, ornaments, and jewellery.

Loveliest of all is a delicate white porcelain vase decorated with bright blue and dark purple lotus flowers, once the scent bottle of some fine Egyptian lady who died three thousand years ago.

Perhaps the most striking thing in the collection, however, is a granite statue head, believed to have been the portrait of Queen Hatshepsut, the princess who found Moses in the bulrushes.

These newly-discovered relics from the land of the Nile are being distributed to various museums throughout the world, including the British Museum.

Lakeland Surprise

THERE are surprises wherever we go in Lakeland.

Coming to Troutbeck, one of Westmorland's oldest villages, who would dream of finding a window linked with three of our greatest artists? Yet here it is in the lonely church, a beautiful east window, one of the first designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. It is said that William Morris and Ford Madox Brown happened to be fishing here when Burne-Jones was at work in the church, and that they helped him with the window. How many of our great churches, we wonder, can boast of a window to which such a famous group of artists have contributed?

Or if we come to Wasdale in Cumberland we find amid the stupendous pageantry of nature one of the smallest churches in our land, a building only 40 feet long and 17 wide, lighted by no more than three small windows. Coming to Naworth we are astonished to walk

into a spacious hall where we are face to face with creatures as strange as any Alice found in Wonderland. They are heraldic figures in oak, five or six feet high, and they hold the banners of the Red Bull of Dacre, the Griffin of De Vaur, the Stag of Multon, and the Dolphin of Greystoke. We have to see them to believe them.

Quite a different surprise awaits us at Kirkbampton, within three miles of the sea and six of Scotland. Here lived Thomas Story, who preached for 60 years out of the 17th into the 18th century. It is pathetic to be told that before he died he buried every man and woman and child who had been living in the parish when he went there.

These are a few of the surprising things we read in Arthur Mee's fascinating book on our English Lakeland, published by Hodder and Stoughton at 7s 6d. It tells us the story of 217 places and has 124 pictures.

WHAT MAY COME IN SUSSEX & KENT

Coal, Iron, and Oil?

We all await with intense interest the result of the boring for oil now in progress near Hellingly in Sussex.

Trials in other areas have yielded no profit, but England is the mother of the petroleum industry. It was from a mineral spring in Derbyshire that petroleum was first extracted and refined for commercial use, and engineers are not discouraged by the failure to find oil in paying quantities in other parts of the country.

When our parents were children they were taught that South Africa was entirely without minerals; within the next sixty years it produced gold and diamonds worth 1800 million pounds.

The history of the discovery and development of the Kent coalfield is an abiding inspiration to the oil-seekers. More than a century ago Dean Buckland, the parson geologist, declared that coal must be there, but nobody could find it. The search was abandoned, renewed, and abandoned again.

Coal Under London?

The greatest incitement to prolonged effort came, not from Kent, but from Tottenham Court Road, where, during the sinking of a well for water, the engineers struck into a rock formation, which is almost invariably associated with coal, and so the geologists affirmed afresh that coal must exist in south-east England.

Then coal was found at the foot of Shakespeare's Cliff at Dover, and there and elsewhere, after sixty years of failure, it is now being mined day and night. But that is not the end of the wonder. Something else equally astonishing happened.

Before the discovery of the great coalfields of the North, the Weald of Kent and Sussex supplied practically all the ironwork of England. The old hand-wrought iron in St Paul's Cathedral came from this source, and it was with iron from the Weald that the guns which conquered the Armada were made.

The Weald had no great iron mines; the mineral was found in ironstone nodules. The supply was never exhausted; the forests from which fuel was obtained for smelting were largely destroyed, and, it being cheaper to smelt with coal, the trade moved north to where the two minerals were discovered together. But geologists have always held that, were coal in southern England available on the spot, the Wealden iron trade might be resumed.

A Dover Surprise

Nature had, however, another surprise in store for us. In piercing one of the coal shafts at Dover the miners, who reached coal at some 1700 feet, drove through a bed of iron ore above the 700-foot level. The works below that depth were re-sealed, and it was now the iron, not the coal, that men sought and mined.

As we drive from Dover to Folkestone we are traversing a great bed of iron ore extending two or three miles inland from the coast. It is natural to suppose that similar formations exist beneath the soil of other parts of the county and its neighbour. The world is in need of new supplies of ore, and it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that the day may come when oil and coal and iron will be issuing simultaneously from these southern counties so beloved for their natural beauty.

Silver Paper

A Blackpool orphanage has been able to send eleven orphans for a month's holiday in the country with the proceeds from the sale of silver paper, which the officials receive in large quantities almost every day.

THE EARNINGS OF OUR PEOPLE

What They Have to Live On

MAN'S 64 SHILLINGS

A valuable report on earnings has been made by the Ministry of Labour.

A vast amount of labour goes to such an inquiry, which helps us to understand how the mass of our people live.

This return first surveys the labour of 5,507,729 men, women, and children in 230 industries, covering all trades except mining and railways.

Only manual workers are included. It relates to the week ended October 12, 1935, and it will be understood that it could not be produced at an earlier date. Since 1935 there has been a moderate increase in wages, so that the following figures must be a little lower than if the inquiry were made in 1937.

The average earnings of men, women, and young people worked out at 48s 11d a week, and were thus made up:

	s	d
Adult men	64	6
Youths and boys .. .	23	0
Women of 18 and over ..	31	3
Girls under 18 .. .	16	4

Family Earnings

What families have to live on must vary a good deal. Sometimes the man is the sole earner in the family. Sometimes there are two or more earners. Then there are cases of unemployment in a family, the father drawing benefit and a child drawing a wage. Sometimes, again, there is in the family an old age pensioner or a war pensioner.

Let us add the facts for railways and coal. We can do this for one week for the railways, when they earned an average of 64s 4d. This, curiously, is almost the average of general industry.

Coal-miners in the first quarter of this year earned an average of 54s a week, including the value of allowances in kind, such as free housing or free coal. The miner's earnings in 1937 are thus less than the 1935 average of 64s in general industry.

It is a fascinating study, this revelation of hard facts about life in our country. It is clear that earnings are not yet high enough to afford more than a modest living, even when work is abundant and continuous.

The Tale of Ottawa's Flashing Lights

Coloured lights are used at Ottawa to keep a check on Canada's population.

On the wall in the entrance hall of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics is a curious little instrument with coloured lights flashing every three or four minutes. The lights indicate the progress made from hour to hour in building up the population; they turn off and on automatically, and as they appear and disappear the totals accumulate.

When an orange light flicks on it indicates that a child has been born, and this happens on an average 645 times every day. Next to the orange bulb is a red light which shows that somebody has died. The average daily deathrate in the Dominion is 288. When the green light shows it means that an immigrant has arrived. There are 124 of them as a daily average, but against these are 66 people who leave the country, as shown by the yellow light.

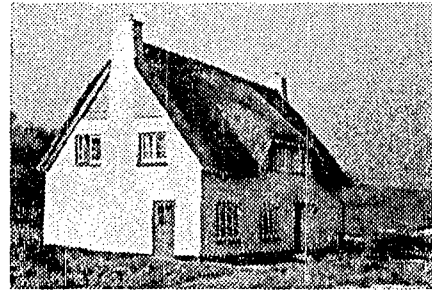
By addition and subtraction the increase or decrease in population is arrived at. At present there is an estimated increase of one person every three minutes and 28 seconds, and this is shown by a white light. At the 1931 census Canada's population was 10,376,786, and the estimated increase since then is about 853,000.

The Great Adventure of Building a Chalk House

One of our young architects, the daughter of one of our MPs, has been trying to build chalk houses. We read of chalk churches in Arthur Mee's *Book of Kent*, there is one chalk church which has stood about a thousand years, and the great Sir Edwin Lutyens has built a chalk house. Here Miss Jessica Albery tells the C N of her own adventure in using chalk, of which her own county of Kent has such an abundance in its old sea-bed.



The rising walls and the chalk house ready for occupation



WE have all heard of the mud hut, and some of us will know the "cob" cottage of Devon, but few of us will know that in 20th-century England thousands of people live in houses of chalk.

This is specially so in Wiltshire, where in some parts nearly all the old cottages, and many of the larger houses, are built mostly of chalk. There are no brick-fields in these parts, and trees are also rare on Salisbury Plain, so in the days when all roads were quagmires, and the pack-horse was the only carrier by land, men were driven to find their building materials on the spot.

Sometimes the chalk was quarried like stone, and one church built of quarried chalk is a thousand years old. Even in our time Sir Edwin Lutyens has designed a house built of this kind of chalk at Stockbridge. We understand that several mantelpieces and other interior work is also chalk—as is one of the mantelpieces in the famous Guildhall at Guildford.

Chalk Needs a Good Hat

But all chalk cannot be used in this way, and the common practice is different. The chalk used to be dug up in the autumn and laid out where the building was to be put up; in spring the building work began, straw and water were mixed with the chalk, and then it was piled up to a height of about two feet and trodden down solid, the edges pared smooth to form a wall. This process was continued until the right height was reached.

It is said in Wiltshire that chalk needs a good hat and a good pair of shoes, and these walls are usually built on a foundation of flint stones, picked out of the chalk in digging, while the roofs are of thatch with big overhanging eaves. This kind of building has been going on hundreds of years, and houses have been built in this way as far apart as Budleigh Salterton in Devon, Winchester in Hampshire, and Clandon in Surrey. Many garden walls are also built of chalk, and they always have a protecting hood of some kind on top. It is a most interesting pastime to look out for mud or chalk buildings, which are to be found in all kinds of odd corners of England, though their nature is quite unsuspected by most passers-by.

Hugh's Settlement

But this old method of building is not very suitable to our times, when everyone is in a hurry, and when labour is dear. Soon after the war there settled in Hampshire, but close to the border of Wiltshire, a society wishing to develop a new and better manner of living in these times. It was called Hugh's Settlement. A settlement needs to be housed, and the founder of Hugh's Settlement looked round and said to himself, "I will build as people have built here from old times—of chalk; but I will find a new and better way of

using it." Walls were built, then out-houses, then two single-storey cottages, and then a two-storey house.

Imagine a cold, clear March morning with an east wind blowing so hard across the plain that any man working out of doors has but one thought, how for a moment he can shelter himself. The walls of the house are about three feet high, and the plasterer foreman and his mate are working there with three agricultural labourers, while the young architect, whose first real job this is, has just come down from London.

Building the Walls

The house is being built into the side of the hill, so that the chalk which is dug out to make a level foundation place is used to form the walling. The chalk is being used as it is dug, and, as it has not been broken up by weathering since the autumn, it has to be passed through a small concrete mixer beforehand.

Concrete has given rise to the idea of using wooden shuttering for the chalk, but the workmen find the shuttering boards and bolts clumsy to handle, and have reverted to the old method of shovelling the chalk mixed with straw on to the wall in layers, and paring it off to a clean face. The young architect is determined that the shuttering shall have a fair trial, and so everyone now sets to work, and in that cold wind a piece of shuttering about six feet high and ten feet long is set up, and the chalk filled into it.

The Wrong Method

Unfortunately the new chalk at the top continually keeps damp the older walling below, and the shuttering cannot be removed lest it should crumble. The boarding is taken up to a height of about ten feet, but has to remain for the full depth until all the chalk inside is dry. This is not for several weeks, and when the boarding is taken down the chalk has shrunk in drying and, behold, there is a great crack from top to bottom. The architect is wrong; but the old-fashioned way won't do either; the walls grow too slowly.

Heads are put together and a new way is found. The chalk is formed into rough blocks between boarding, and the wall is built as though these blocks were bricks, only they are larger than bricks and are bedded in chalk and sand. The outside walls are 18 inches thick, but some inside ones only four inches. This new method is successful, and the house is built for much less money than it could have been with brick walls. What a comfortable house it is, with these great thick walls and wide ledges—warm in winter, cool in summer, and no noise from one room heard in the next.

There are many parts of England where there is plenty of chalk. ("If people would only burn chalk, how rich you and I would be," said Disraeli

THIS SWING STUFF

A Horrible Noise

By a Listener

The other day a young man was brought to the BBC microphone to expound and illustrate the newest and most melancholy example of modern noise, which, as we all sadly know, is called swing music.

Having given us an example he said, "I like that—perhaps to you it was simply a horrible noise." To one listener it certainly was a pretentious medley of squeaks, squawks, yells, groans, and discords, all with a drum and banjo background in strongly marked rhythm.

Swing and the Tom-Tom

The young announcer, having enthusiastically called attention to the improvisations of some of the players, added with bated breath that he would now give us another player who actually improvised as he sang. The result was horrible, sounding as if the singer were being strangled for his song—a fate he perhaps did not deserve.

Then we were told that if one of these tunes made our bodies swing as for a dance, that was good swing; if it did not, it was only sham swing. We remember that the tom-tom of the savage has a similar effect on its untutored hearers, but we do not call tom-tom exercises music. Any rhythmic succession of sounds, however unmelodious, similarly affects an ear with a sense of musical time. A soldier can march to the beat of the drum; Tennyson composed one of his poems to the beat of the wheels of a train.

The truth is that to claim swing as a new form of music is utter nonsense. Every Guide, every Scout, is taught this art, but instead of calling it swing as the chorus swells round the camp fire, they call the free harmonic melody a descant.

A boy or girl with a good ear for music harmonises as the song runs, and beautiful effects are produced, but any child whose variation on the tune produced a discord would at once be asked to cease singing. The swing players create abominable discords and hateful sound, but our announcer would have us believe it all to be commendable music.

The Antithesis of Music

It is not music. Too often it is noisy, blatant horror, the antithesis of music, and children who listen in their millions to the wireless should be taught to regard it as at its true worthlessness, no more than rubbish.

So much jazz, with its latest degradation, is broadcast that the public taste is becoming corrupted and fine music relegated to oblivion. It is in vain that scholars teach tens of thousands of children every week to love and practise real music, when on the air, morning, noon, and night, they hear this stuff.

21 Years Ago

The other day a lady entered a draper's shop in Lincoln and asked for a dress length of material which she had left there to be made up in a hurry. When the shopkeeper looked into the matter he was surprised to find that the lady had paid for the cloth and the cost of making it up 21 years ago.

Continued from the previous column

to Sir William Hart Dyke when he was visiting him in Kent). But there are no chalk houses being built. Now that costs are rising so fast and country folk are still so badly needing cottages at five shillings a week, might they not band together to build the walling of their own new houses? What fun they would find in this kind of building, in which anyone can lend a hand. If the wall is not quite true it can be shaved until it is. If the door is not quite where it should be it is possible to cut a new opening in a wall and fill an old opening in no time. Where could we find greater fun than in the adventure of building a chalk house?

AQUILA THE EAGLE

If Altair, Its Eye, Were Our Sun

By the CN Astronomer

A beautiful stellar jewel, Altair, is now high in the southern sky in the evening. He and his two companion stars Beta and Gamma in Aquila, which are almost in a line, form a striking and unmistakable feature of the heavens, somewhat like Orion's Belt.

These three stars are known as the Family of Aquila, the Eagle, a constellation whose chief stars are shown in the star-map. By their arrangement these stars suggest an eagle with outstretched wings, Beta and Gamma representing its head, with Altair for the eagle's eye. They have been associated with the idea of an eagle since pre-historic times, and the peoples of all civilised nations have for many thousands of years seen the king of birds thus symbolised.

With this constellation are interwoven many mythological tales whose origin is lost in the dim past, such as the story of the boy Ganymede whom Jupiter desired as a cup-bearer, sending the Eagle, Aquila, to seize Ganymede and bring him up into the heavens. The famous painter Rubens has pictured the boy Ganymede being carried off, apparently quite contentedly, by the eagle. In the early Roman star-map of the heavens by Geruvig the Eagle alone is represented, so apparently Ganymede was not then included in the constellation; and Aquila now soars alone into the high heavens as long ago, when civilisation had its beginnings.

Innumerable Worlds

For us the stars have a far grander significance than stories, for they tell, beyond any doubt, of countless millions of solar realms shining down upon countless worlds which possess all the materials and all the energy needed to produce at some time or another worlds of life and joy, more or less similar to our own and perhaps, we hope, with less of its human blemishes.

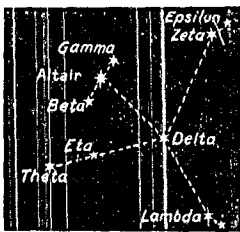
The brilliant Altair, whose name appears to be derived from ancient Arabic, indicating a Vulture, would if it were as near as our Sun appear about half as wide again, Altair's diameter being about 1,200,000 miles.

We should find it very much hotter, shining with an intense white radiance that poured down upon us between nine and ten times more light and heat than our Sun. However, Altair is about 1,012,000 times farther off, that is some 16 light-years distant; nevertheless, among all that starry concourse above us at the present time, there is no brighter star, excepting the planets, nearer to us than Altair, and only a few of the fainter stars.

Altair is speeding toward us at nearly 24 miles a second, that is about fifty times faster than a shot from a gun; but as this great sun is some 13,116,000 million miles away and is travelling in what appears to us a north-easterly direction, while the Earth together with our Solar System is travelling almost at right-angles and north-westward in the direction of Vega, many centuries must elapse before Altair appears appreciably brighter.

Beta and Gamma in Aquila are very much farther from us, Beta being 42 light-years distant and a sun somewhat like our own, while Gamma, at a distance of 181 light-years, is a giant sun much larger than Altair and radiating about 200 times more light and heat than does our Sun.

G. F. M.



The chief stars of Aquila

How to Walk

Left on the Footpath
Right on the Road

TOWERS

Towers are among the noblest and most beautiful of all our possessions, these lordly towers and these slender spires.

Some are new, but thousands are old, having stood firm while the storms of centuries beat upon them. Hardly changed by the changing years, they have looked down on village and town; they have sheltered bells which have called to prayer and have rung out at times of national rejoicing. All down the years men have built towers and spires as if to lift our eyes to higher and nobler things.

Saxon and Norman

Strength and grace they have; time only adds to their beauty.

Perhaps taking Italian churches as their models, the Saxons built simple towers, many of them with us yet, straight and true after a thousand years. We may see a fine Saxon tower at Earls Barton, and another at Appleton-le-Street in Yorkshire. Norman towers abound, though many of the more ambitious ones have had to be strengthened or rebuilt.

Very many of our older towers owe their great size and massive walls to the dangerous times in which they were raised; and in the North, where for centuries the Scots were for ever making raids far into England, and in the East, where Danish invasions were expected every year, they are almost fortresses, places of refuge in times of peril.

Norfolk's Many Round Towers

Some of our towers were once lived in by a priest; and in the tower of St Michael's Penkivel in Cornwall we may still see an altar and piscina used by a resident priest.

Some of the quaintest towers of all are to be found in the Eastern Counties. Here we come upon round towers with flint walls, Norfolk alone having 130 of them. Suffolk has an oval tower, and Maldon has a curiosity in the shape of a triangular tower. At Ilchester is Roger Bacon's tower, which is farther round than it is high; and for contrast we may come to Lincolnshire to look up at Boston Stump, one of the wonders of our land.

Not only have we the strong towers, we have also the soaring spires. There are the dreaming spires of Lichfield and the taper spire of Norwich, exquisitely graceful and beautiful.

Coventry and Salisbury

We come to Patrington, a few miles from Hull, and look up in wonder at a spire in a green plain, reminding us of Coleridge's words: An instinctive taste teaches men to build their churches with spires which point, with silent finger, to the sky and stars. Peerless among the spires of our land are two which all men praise. One is Coventry's cathedral spire, the tower alone 136 feet high and enriched with sculptures and canopies. Above is a lantern with eight flying buttresses; and crowning all is a spire rising 300 feet above the pavement. But Coventry is beaten by Salisbury. For sheer beauty England has nothing to compare with it.

A host of other towers and spires we have in England. There is the lead spire of Long Sutton in Lincolnshire, and the famous crooked spire of Chesterfield. There are the charming broach spires, the shingled spires of the south, and the quaint Essex churches with small spires above timbered towers.

OUR BRAVE SAILORS OF PEACE

They Form a Second Navy

It is good that the nation is awakening to the supreme value of the men of our mercantile marine.

Most of us live out of sight of the sea "that serves us in the office of a wall," and we are only too apt to forget what we owe to those who go down to the great waters.

At a Merchant Navy Week Exhibition there were sections named He Transports You, He Clothes You, He Protects You, He Feeds You, He Houses You, He Warms You, and all these are true words.

In the Great War the number of seamen who were killed or drowned was 48,500, and half were merchantmen. Few people realise that. We see that our sailors form a second Royal Navy. In war they carry for us at the risk of their lives. It is on record that not a few merchant crews, after being torpedoed, losing all their effects, and narrowly escaping with their lives, promptly signed on again to face the submarines. Poor pay they received for their services, and few knew what they were doing or, for that matter, even realised what they did.

Merchant seamen and fishermen did more than carry cargoes or help to feed us in the war. Many were drafted into the Navy to man small craft, lay mines, sweep for mines, or help to convoy and to lay nets for submarines. The mercantile marine is a veritable nursery for the Navy, and those who know the facts have viewed with anxiety the decline in seamen and fishermen.

It is not too much to say that in war as much as in peace we depend on our merchant and fishing fleets.

At Three o'Clock Every Morning

We may all have our theories about the personality of telephone operators, and they in turn are no doubt ready to form theories about their subscribers, among whom are decided "characters." Especially interesting to them are some of the people to whom they act every day as alarm clocks.

A man who has to catch an early morning train rings up his exchange overnight and asks to be called at a certain hour. He places the telephone by his bed, is rung at the time appointed, goes his way, catches his train, and pays threepence for the service.

Now, there is one man, famous at a certain exchange for his consistency, who day after day, year in and year out, is called in this way every morning at three o'clock.

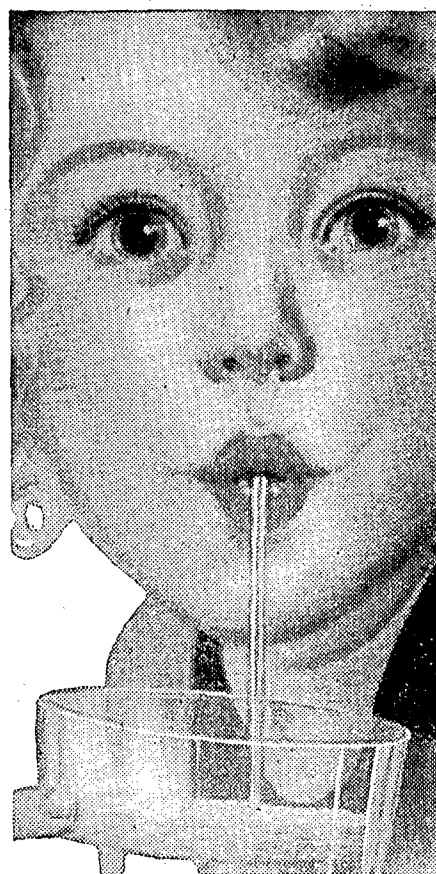
Eighteenpence a week throughout the year he pays for this aid to punctuality. He could buy an alarm clock for a month's telephone fees, but he prefers his telephone call; for threepence a day he has the resources of the Post Office concentrated on getting him out of bed.

25 YEARS AGO

From the CN of August 1912

The Steam Giant Among the Arabs. The power of steam is making itself known in the wilds of Syria, the land of Bible history. A railway runs from Jaffa to Jerusalem and elsewhere, but in the remoter parts little change has come in twenty centuries. But now steam-rollers have been taken out to work in Syria. At first the Arabs were greatly afraid of the snorting monsters, yet crowds tramped miles to see them.

Some of the Arabs have now been taught to work the steam-engines, and prove quite clever. But, no matter what they may be doing, they stop work twice a day to kneel on the ground, look toward Mecca, and say their prayers.



*"Oooh!...
How lovely!
I'll have this
every day"*

MANY a mother will be grateful this summer for the instant appeal which 'Ovaltine'—served cold—makes to her children. Its creamy deliciousness is so tempting when appetites are fickle. And its rich nourishment is just what is needed to make light summer meals complete in health-giving value.

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P.144a

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ON SECRET SERVICE

By John Mowbray

The Missing Plans

CHAPTER 1

London

THE party under the wing of Schleifer's Tourist Agency had reached Paris about six o'clock in the evening, and after being conducted to their hotel were now splitting themselves up to wander forth and lose no time with their sightseeing. As the hotel's concierge, all gesticulations, smiles, and gold braid, was directing the last of these small parties a boy rattled down the staircase in vigorous pursuit.

Then one of the tourists, a stooping man with horn spectacles, whose nose had been on a guide-book most of the journey and was still on this guide-book as he was halfway through the swing doors, lifted his head and turned it round on his shoulder to level a queer and slanting look on the boy.

"Halloa! There you are!" this man exclaimed, drawing a little. "I should have thought you'd have felt too tired to go out again!"

"No, I'd like to join you, if I may," answered the boy. "Besides, you are going to dine at a restaurant, aren't you?"

"You can dine here in the hotel."

"But a restaurant's much more fun!"

"Oh, all right," the man muttered, frowning. "All right. Come along then."

"If I'm not butting in," said the boy, as he fell into step.

Butting in! Suppose these travelling companions could have seen inside his mind! Or suppose they could have peeped into a quiet room at the top of a Government building in London and had heard what a man with a grave, anxious face had been saying there a few days ago to this lad!

"I don't like it, David," he had said. "The regular agencies will run one cheap excursion to France, another to Italy, and another to Germany; but I don't believe they are in the habit of running one and the same excursion from England to France, then to Italy, then to Germany!"

David had listened, all ears.

"As head of the Secret Service," continued Sir Richard, "I may have grown an over-suspicious mind. So I can't help asking myself whether any cleverly disguised motive is behind this agency's action in conducting the same party into all three countries on the same trip."

"What's the agency's name, Uncle Richard?"

"Schleifer's. Quite respectable, to every outward appearance."

"What might they be up to?" David said thoughtfully.

"I ask myself: Does the agency figure as a blind for slipping undesirable foreigners out of this country by mixing them up with its bona fide excursionists?"

David's keen eyes were brightening.

"Or," suggested Sir Richard, "by passing a spy off among its trippers, the agency might slip him from one foreign capital to another, where he can disclose with his own lips every jot and tittle he has discovered of our plans."

"A much safer way than by using the post, sir," said David.

"Unquestionably. And particularly in the case of the more perilous intelligence. And then, you see, they bring the spy back just as safely and unobtrusively to carry on with his spying here!"

After digesting this David had uttered, with a faint grin, "Do you know, Uncle Richard, I've never been on a tour!"

"High time you went!" said Sir Richard in a pleased tone. "I may be doing Schleifer's an injustice. Even otherwise, you may return none the wiser. But I know you'll do your best, for I've tried you out, David." Then, opening a drawer, he drew out an illustrated pamphlet. "Here you are! Schleifer's next tour," he smiled. "From London to Venice, with two days in Paris and two days in Hamburg. Splendid! Book for it, David."

"Am I still the young student from Littlethorpe?" David inquired.

"You are not. I'll furnish you with a passport as Derek Clayham of Spelsbury; a lovely spot, Spelsbury—when you know where to look for it!" Sir Richard's flickering smile had visited his lips.

CHAPTER 2

Paris

AND thus it had come about that Derek Clayham of Spelsbury had added himself to Schleifer's conducted excursionists, and, just arrived in Paris, was off to see the sights with a tourist who walked with

a stoop, and hugged a red guide-book, and with four or five others.

The others wanted to hurry on to their dinner, but the stooping gentleman, whose name was Professor Van Eiken, kept stopping to stare, to consult his book, then to stare again, until one of the party lost patience. "I want my dinner, Professor!" snapped she. "Come along!"

"My dear lady, if you're so famished, go on without me."

"But, Professor, we'd get lost without you." She appealed to David. "Isn't that so, Mr Clayham?"

David politely agreed.

"You hear, Professor?"

"Yes, yes," that gentleman muttered irritably. "But may I remind you that the agency has sent its own guide with us."

"You mean Captain Stringle? Yes. But he's not available any more today."

"What's the matter with him?" Van Eiken asked sharply.

"The poor fellow's keeping his room with a headache."

The professor closed his book.

"Come along, then," he smiled to the party. "I'll take you somewhere where you can all dine like kings." But it seemed to David, who had never taken sharp eyes off him, that behind the man's new suavity lurked some annoyance.

If they failed to dine like kings they dined like good English citizens in the restaurant on the Boulevard whither he took them. Van Eiken himself, as he had pointed out in the train, was of sturdy English extraction despite his Dutch name, and had gone so far indeed as to show them his passport, which hall-marked him as an Englishman born and bred, when David had ventured to ask him what he "professed."

"The spacious times of old," had been the reply.

After dinner the party put themselves into taxis, and when these came to a halt at the Arc de Triomphe it was David who noticed first that they'd lost the professor. He'd be following them, they felt sure. So it was agreed to go on without him, and their taxis carried them into the Bois.

But David went no farther. He excused himself, and as soon as the others were out of sight jumped into a cab and directed it back to the restaurant with all speed. There he paid the cab off, and, getting hold of the doorkeeper, described Van Eiken and asked which way he had gone. The doorkeeper smiled. "What! That one with the guide-book?" he answered. "He walked straight off along the Boulevard. He went off as the arrow, m'sieur, leaves the bow."

Straight to some arranged destination, thought David. And there he must have left it, but for sheer luck. For a cruising taxi appeared, and when he had hailed it he meant to tell the driver to take him to his hotel. But instead of saying "Hotel des Trois Frères," he said, "Les Trois Frères." The driver nodded, chugged off, and in a few minutes put his fare down at a restaurant across the Seine.

Realising that the mistake was his own, David was about to explain and drive back, when he caught sight of a stooping figure turning a corner. With an inward chant of delight, he paid the cab off and cautiously followed that figure through one street after another, each growing more narrow and mean, till he saw the professor slinking into a wine-shop, a squalid little haunt of workmen.

"Now, whatever can he want inside there?" wondered David.

It was useless for him to march into the shop, Van Eiken must spot him. So, finding his way to the back, he tapped on the door and inquired of the untidy woman who answered if she had a waiter's job going begging.

His only idea was to take some bearings or soundings, but she beckoned him, to his astonishment, into her kitchen, which opened into the shop itself by a door with its upper half of glass barely draped by curtains.

"Now?" she said, arms akimbo.

He took his time. While his fluent French tripped off his tongue his eyes were watching the shop through the gap in the curtains. He saw the professor sharing a little round table with a heavy-browed man in a blue blouse and canvas trousers. An odd companion, David thought, for Van Eiken.

David noticed too that the professor's horn spectacles were gone, and that their absence caused his face to look different, very hard and purposeful.

JACKO MEETS A PAL

ONE afternoon Jacko and his friend Chimp decided to go fishing. They found two stout bamboo rods and tied some thick twine on them with a hook at the ends. Then they set off, carrying their bait in empty paint cans.

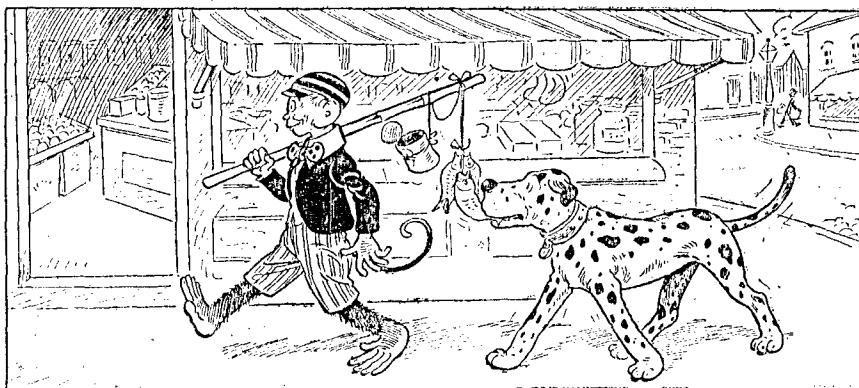
The sun blazed fiercely as the boys sat on the river bank. Even the fish seemed too drowsy to come up.

"Slow business, this!" muttered Chimp impatiently. "Never mind," he

"Not me!" retorted Jacko, patting the dog's head. "It's only old Bouncer. He and I have been pals ever since—"

Jacko stopped, and coloured up. "I know!" chuckled Chimp. "Ever since he held you prisoner for half an hour! Anyway, two's company, three's none," he shouted, and ran off quickly in the other direction.

With the huge dog at his heels Jacko swaggered along whistling "Who's afraid



With the huge dog at his heels Jacko swaggered along

added, "when once we get going things may buzz."

They did! Jacko was the first to catch a fine big fellow. Chimp landed one next. After that things went with such a swing that a little pile of fish soon lay on the bank.

At last the young fishermen started for home, each proudly shouldering his rod, on which were strung the afternoon's spoil and bait cans.

Suddenly Sergeant Smiffin's Great Dane came bounding towards them.

"Sakes alive!" cried Chimp. "Send that great brute off."

of the Big Bad Wolf?" His thoughts were so busy with the tasty meal ahead of him that he failed to notice that at every step he took his burden was getting lighter.

"I say, Mater!" he cried, meeting his mother at the gate. "Look what I've brought you to cook for tea!"

Mrs Jacko looked—and stared blankly. Jacko stared back. Then he gaped at the rod, which slithered from his shoulder. "Horrors!" he groaned.

All that was on it was the old tin can.

Bouncer's guilty look showed where the fish had gone!

"So! Who told you I wanted a waiter?" the woman was saying.

His tongue and his eyes both worked on. He saw the professor lean forward toward his companion, then draw out a purse and pass some notes across the table. He saw the other's hand steal into his blouse and emerge again with a small packet fastened with string. A glint of light caught this string, showing David that it was red. Then the two men exchanged a significant, satisfied nod, and the fellow in the blue blouse rose and went out.

"Nay," the woman was saying to David, "mine's too rough a job for you."

He thanked her and left before the professor could discover him, and was whizzed away in another cab to his hotel, where he found Captain Stringle, their guide, reclining in a chair in the vestibule by Mr Wyvel. Wyvel was the funny man of the party, chubby-faced and bubbling.

"I'm glad you're better!" David exclaimed to the guide.

"Better! What do you mean?" Stringle said, in a quick voice.

"They told me that you were nursing a splitting headache!"

"Oh, that!" uttered Stringle, looking rather confused. "It's passed, thank you."

Then whatever makes you look so confused? David thought. But he answered, "I'm glad, sir," and dropped into a chair. "You're not going to bed yet?" said Wyvel, biting his lip.

"No, I'm not a bit sleepy."

Mr Wyvel yawned. "Well, I am," he uttered. "And don't forget," he added, shaking his finger at David, "that we've a full day's hard labour before us tomorrow. All the morning touring this miserable town in a motor-coach and tramping up and down the Louvre after lunch," he continued in his usual attempt to be funny. "Unless Captain Stringle lets us off. Any hope, Captain?"

"None for you, Mr Wyvel," their guide replied, laughing.

With a mock groan Wyvel went off.

Then Stringle addressed himself to David. "Between ourselves," he remarked, "you needn't refer to that headache of mine any more. It's that fellow Wyvel. He bores me stiff. One has to dodge him." Then, and after a pause, "Well, where have you been?"

The question was uttered casually, almost too casually. David answered that he'd had dinner with some of the others, and that afterwards they had visited the Arc de Triomphe.

"Was Professor Van-what's-his-name with you?"

"Yes," said David, as he sat down. "What do you think of him?"

This time David felt certain the question wasn't so casual as it was meant to sound.

"He moons so," said David.

"Moons about, you mean?"

"Yes. And isn't he a whale with his guide-book. Has he ever been on one of your tours before?"

"I don't know." Stringle had slewed his body round in the chair, and, fastening his gaze upon David, lowered his voice. "I was interested to see from your passport," he said, "that you come from Spelsbury. It's a jolly place, isn't it?"

Thin ice, thought David, rather sorry now that he'd sat down. "Yes, it isn't so bad," he uttered, with well-assumed indifference.

"Greatorex vicar there still?"

David nodded, and was registering a mental note that in future he'd better belong to a place which really existed, when the situation was saved by another arrival. This was Van Eiken.

With a nod to them both, Stringle rose and walked to the lift. After glancing round, Van Eiken was moving to follow when David buttonholed him.

"We missed you, sir," he declared.

"Dear, dear me! Yes, my absent-mindedness, lad. I had clean forgotten Mrs Truxson and all of you, and went wandering." The professor. "I dare say I must have walked half the way to Versailles."

"You'll be tired, then. So I mustn't keep you. Goodnight, sir," said David.

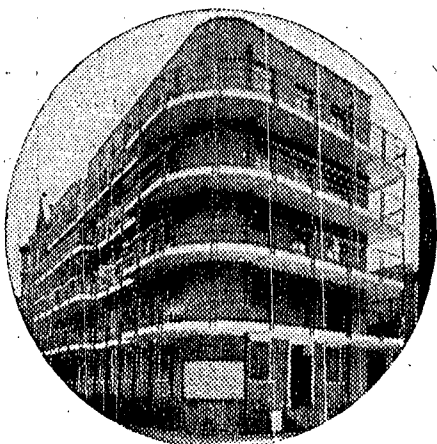
The professor also ambled away toward the lift. Preferring the broad, winding staircase, David had begun to mount it when he stopped with a catch of the breath and stood very still. At the corner of the banisters round the first turn he had seen a figure bent in a listening attitude. He had seen more than that. He had seen the cavedropper's face. Then the faintest rustling sound. The listener had vanished.

David wondered why on earth his conversation with Stringle should have interested funny-man Wyvel.

TO BE CONCLUDED

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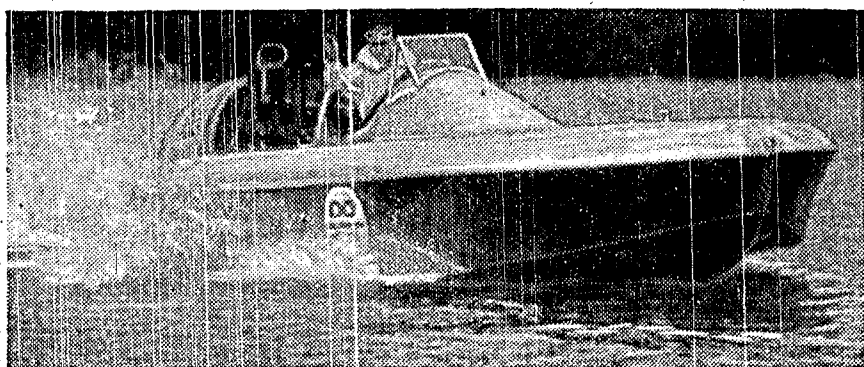
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Vincent Square, Westminster, S.W.1

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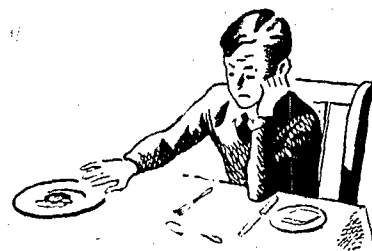
MODERN BOY takes you round "Bluebird" and explains the amazing features of the boat. You will be thrilled by this grand article describing the craft with which it is hoped to wrest from America the coveted "blue riband" of motor-boat racing.

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Billy only liked lean meat.
The golden fat he would not eat.

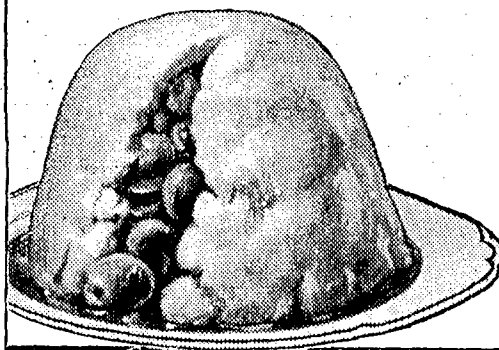


Wise Grandma said: "The way to
do it is pudding with Atora suet."



Soon Billy grew a
bonny lad—
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THE GOOD BEEF SUET

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

August 14, 1937

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

THE BRAN TUB

Beheaded Word

THOUGH I am small, yet, when entire,
Enough to set the world on fire;
Let but a letter disappear
And I enclose a herd of deer;
Omit another, and you'll find
I once contained all human kind.

Answer next week

When Using Screws

WHEN driving screws into soft wood where they are inclined to work loose, you can get over the difficulty by dipping them into warm, thick glue, and driving them into the wood quickly while the glue is liquid. They will then hold firmly. If, on the other hand, you wish to put screws into wood just for a time, you can make them capable of coming out more easily by dipping them in oil.

What Happened on Your Birthday
Aug. 15. De Quincey born . 1785.
16. First message by Atlantic cable . 1858
17. William Carey born . 1761
18. Matthew Boulton died . 1809
19. James Watt died . 1819
20. George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, born . 1592
21. Philip II of France born . 1165

What Authors Are These?

EACH sentence expresses the name of a famous author.
Agitate a weapon. The head of a great church. A native of Caledonia. A flowering bush or tree. The value of speech. The process of colouring darkly.

Answers next week

After Honey

THREE Teddy bears once chased a bee,
The day was warm and sunny,
And folks who watched the woolly three
Said, "It's their instinct, don't you see?
Of course, they're after honey!"

The Woodpecker's Home

THE red-headed woodpecker of America works laboriously when making its home and taps away at a tree trunk until the nest is complete. Despite this, it is said, the woodpecker only inhabits one home during the season, its carved nest being taken by the bluebird, another native of America, which delights in having these ready-made nesting places.

Ici on Parle Français



Un herbage paddock Les lapins rabbits La laitue lettuce

Je vais à l'herbage donner à manger à mes lapins. Que leur donnerez-vous? C'est la laitue qu'ils aiment le mieux.

I am going to the paddock to feed my rabbits. What shall you give them? They like lettuce best.

Scattered Verse

THE letters forming each word in this verse have become somewhat jumbled.

Can you rearrange them and read the verse?

Daruno em hsal verho,
Ni dasesns ro lege,
Litt silfe rdaems eb vero,
Twees riemen's fo ethe.

Answer next week

In the Countryside Now

The Bat is the only mammal that actually flies, yet it has no wings -

The bat's fingers are joined by membranes. Bats have a sense not possessed by us, enabling them to avoid obstacles in the dark.

The Emperor Moth, with its strange face-like markings, can be found flitting about the hearth.

The Puss Moth caterpillar has the power of ejecting acid when touched, scaring enemies away.

The Corncrake, or Landrail, is becoming scarcer owing to decrease in arable land and the adoption of mechanised farming.

Transpositions

AT first it is a trick,
Then grieves for what it's done,
Becomes a utiliser,
A convinced, four-lettered one.

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Mars is in the South-West, Jupiter in the South, and Saturn in the South-East. In the morning Venus is in the East. The picture shows the Moon at half-past nine on Tuesday evening, August 17.

The End of William Day
HERE lies the body of William Day, who was killed disputing a right of way. He was right, dead right, as he walked along, but he's just as dead as if he'd been wrong.

Beautiful Pebbles

BEAUTIFULLY coloured pebbles are often found on the beach, but when they are allowed to dry they seem dull and uninteresting. Here is a simple way of treating these pebbles so that they will be just as bright as when they were wet. First rinse the stone in several lots of fresh water

Foot Wear

FINE shoes! said Crawley to the Elf.
I should like to buy some for myself.
But, oh, how awkward I should feel
When all of them were down at heel.

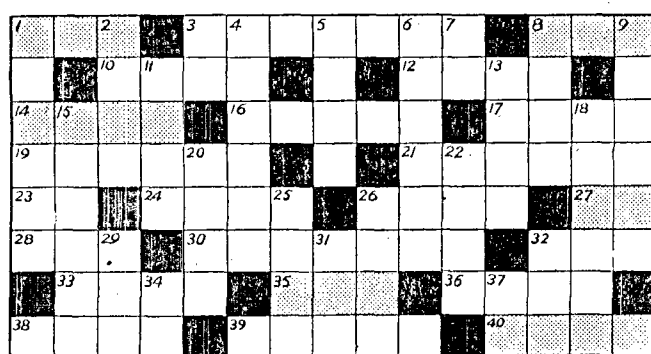
LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS
A Familiar Thing. A signpost
The Sheep in the Fold. 7, 14, 28, 56
Beheading. Atom, Tom, O.M.

The CN Cross Word Puzzle

A familiar proverb is hidden in this puzzle, the words forming the proverb appearing in the squares that are lightly shaded. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues below.

Answer next week

Reading Across. 1. To strike. 3. Agrees. 8. Definite article. 10. Speed. 12. Sixty minutes. 14. Part of a finger. 16. Parish priest. 17. A snug retreat. 19. To resist. 21. Severally. 23. Elevated. 24. A peer. 26. To fly lightly. 27. Above and touching. 28. A primary colour. 30. These resemble stoats. 32. Skill. 33. An immeasurable period. 35. Same as 8 across. 36. This prefix means against. 38. Name of a symbol used in music. 39. Parts with. 40. This is at the top.



Reading Down. 1. High respect. 2. An excursion. 3. This expresses approximate position. 4. Austere. 5. Every one taken separately. 6. Bondage. 7. In this manner. 8. Big plant. 9. Scope. 11. Plant from which a purgative drug is obtained. 13. An individual person or thing. 15. A call to a higher tribunal. 18. A kind of lava. 20. Cut with a saw. 22. This town has a famous leaning tower. 25. Thin, narrow strip of wood. 26. To supply with eatables. 29. River famous in song. 31. Personal pronoun. 32. Devoured. 34. Preposition. 37. New Hampshire.

Tales Before Bedtime

A Bone For Bob

JOAN had been ill, and was staying at the farm, so that Aunt Jess might feed her up on new milk, cream, and eggs.

Joan was having breakfast in the farmhouse kitchen when there came a loud knocking on the door. It was a little boy with a letter.

"Dear, dear!" said Aunt Jess, as she read it. "More trouble at Long Farm. Mrs Thorne has scalded her foot. I must go across. Do you think," she asked, turning to Joan, "you could collect the eggs for me today?"

Joan said she was quite sure she could.

"Don't forget the bull is in the big meadow," warned Uncle Jack.

Joan nodded, and presently Aunt Jess gave her a basket and watched her start, Bob, the terrier, at her heels.

Some of the hens were laying on the other side of the stream, and there Joan came upon Dick Thorne whittling a stick. "Hallo, Joan!" he cried. "There's a kingfisher up stream. Would you like to see him?"

"I'd love to," she said, "Right!" said Dick.

They wandered along the banks of the stream, and presently they were rewarded by a flash of brilliant blue.

"I say!" exclaimed Dick suddenly. "It's dinner-time. We shall have to take a short cut across the big meadow."

"But the bull!" cried Joan, turning pale.

"He won't worry us," Dick answered stoutly.

The bull was quietly grazing at the far end of the meadow. They were more than halfway across when a partridge rose from the ground with a great whirr of wings at Joan's feet.

The bull raised its head and started toward them.

Joan screamed, rushed forward, caught her foot in a rabbit hole, and fell!

Freeing the foot, Dick shouted, "Crawl to the hedge," and, whipping off his coat, waved it aloft.

With tail erect and lowered head the bull raced toward Dick, who made for the opposite side of the meadow.

The children heard an excited bark, and there was Bob snapping and jumping at the bull's nose.

Through a haze Joan saw Uncle Jack clear the stile at a bound, and the next thing she knew she was being carried swiftly to safety.

In a little while Bob came tearing after them.

"Look, he's got an honourable scar," said Dick, pointing to the poor dog's side.

No wonder Bob was rewarded with a huge bone.

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